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"He likes a good deal of America, respects a good deal that he does not like, is tolerant about much that he does not respect, feels hopeful about the future, and never gets into the catarrhal, British-warm mood of the lecturer touring among the colonials" . . .

(See page 5)

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SUNS GO DOWN

By

FLANNERY LEWIS

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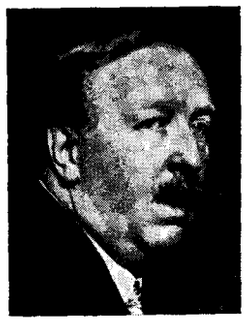
How to Run a Little Magazine

BY GORHAM MUNSON

I HAD counted up to 376 titles in The Bibliography of the Little Magazine compiled by David Moss when I was distracted by a telephone call from a creditor of the small political review I buried last autumn. Moss had started with the year 1900, and ended with 1932. I would guess that a bibliography brought up to date would carry the names of about 450 little magazines in America —an average of more than twelve founded annually since the yellow spate of fin de siècle chapbooks. A minor industry some four decades old—and usually in the red!



FORD MADOX FORD
of Transatlantic Review.

This industry has had its historians, notably William Troy in *The Bookman* for January and February, 1930. It has received its meed of praise, best worded perhaps by R. H. C. in the *New English Weekly* a few years ago when he reviewed the early issues of *Contact*. Little magazines, he said, "are the potting sheds where very rare and usually frail plants are given a chance of blooming. Watered by the tears of their founders, the contributions that appear in such magazines have all the merits of pure devotion. They may not be very splendid, but their alabaster offerings are at least genuine. They occasionally, moreover, survive transplantation to the unsheltered soil of the outer world. . . . Reading the reminiscences of successful writers, I am struck by the number who have graduated in some 'little review' or other. There would be far fewer writers for the great public, in fact, if these nurseries, maintained at private expense, ceased wholly to exist."

I come to the subject not as chronicler nor as laudator, but as a volunteer business counselor, one who temerariously stands in place of the banker usually delegated to tell publishers or other enterprisers how to run their business. It would therefore be immodest for me, lacking banking credentials yet about to proffer free advice, to neglect to state my qualifications for advising others how to run a little magazine. Let me say at once that, journeyman and 'prentice, I have seen a good deal of little magazines from the inside.

Besides the piloting of *Secession*, devoted to literary innovation and revolt from 1922 to 1924, which I had occasion several years ago to describe fully in the course of a controversy initiated by Malcolm Cowley, I have just survived three years of greater trials and tribulations in bringing out, twice a month, a pioneer review of the new economies of C. H. Douglas as applicable to our national life. I was briefly an associate editor of *The Pagan*, thus coming to know Hart Crane, who was also an associate editor. A little later I became managing editor on no salary of James Waldo Fawcett's *The Modernist*, which collapsed after a single issue. In Paris I joined the staff of Arthur Moss's *The Gargoyle*, and later in the twenties fathered, but did not edit, *The Figure in the Carpet* (subsequently *The Salient*), subsidized by the New School for Social Research.

And now to our muttons. Let us be systematic.

Since a little magazine cannot be expected to pay its way, its editor must look to the old and frequently honorable principle of patronage. There are two kinds of patrons. Have nothing to do with the wrong kind, the patron with an ulterior motive, the giver with a "power complex" who attaches strings and conditions to his patronage. For if the little review is not free, it is nothing, and freedom is polluted at the source if money is to exert an influence on editorial policy. Unconditional patronage is the sine qua non of the only kind of success open to the little magazine, the succès d'estime.

EZRA POUND
"Blessings to Vol. I, No. 1."

Endeavor to get the unconditional patron to guarantee backing for at least three years. This is the length of time anticipated by publishers of magazines with bright commercial prospects as needed to get on their feet. You, the hopeful editor of a little magazine, will never see that day, but it is an argument to use if you are offered only one year's backing. Of course, you may have the good fortune to find a patron who will meet the deficits indefinitely, in which case your magazine may achieve an enviable longevity. Examples of logevity: *Transition*, founded 1927, still in existence; Alfred Stieglitz's *Camera Work*, 1903-1917; Emma Goldmann's *Mother Earth*, 1906-1918; *The Little Review*, 1914-1929; Bruce Calvert's *The Open Road*, founded 1908, still running. (In America, on authority of the economist W. S. Churchill, the average life of all industries undertaken is only seven years.)

Man Ray
MARGARET ANDERSON
of The Little Review.

For a cynical wisdom regarding patrons, refer to Samuel Johnson's letter to Lord Chesterfield. I had a colleague on my most recent venture who practically memorized this letter and would recite to me after each mail bringing from a wealthy friend of the paper the refusal of financial aid—the refusal always accompanied by fulsome compliments for the paper—the lines beginning, "Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help?" It is a great relief to the disappointed editor to have such sweet rhetoric to carry off his bitter feelings.

Initial Capital and Real Credit

For the majority of little magazines patrons cannot be found. This fact affects the mortality rate but not the birth rate of such ventures. The truth is that it is perfectly possible to found a little magazine and keep it running without patronage. I assert this from personal experience. Twice I have launched little magazines on an initial capital of twenty dollars and kept them coming out for the period I pledged myself to. *Secession* was first printed in Vienna at a time when the

Next Week
SPRING ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBER

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exchange rate was extremely favorable to the dollar; the first number, 24 pages, 500 copies, cost to print $18. Again *New Democracy*, my recent venture, was begun with twenty dollars, put up in equal shares by two persons, in order to print and mail a prospectus. The prospectus brought in sufficient to cover the printing cost, around sixty dollars an issue, 4 pages, 2,500 copies, of the first three numbers.

Thus, lacking a patron, you can start with twenty dollars and a prospectus.

To continue publication you will need plenty of Real Credit. By Real Credit is meant determination—grit—guts. You will never be able to explain just how you find the means to keep publishing, you won't know how you survive your financial crises, but persistence, stamina, resoluteness tell the tale; they discover the means.

We acquire what we require, an old friend used to tell me. If you want a little review of your own, launch it. You will not be able to see your way ahead, but you have voluntarily assumed responsibilities. You have made a draft on your Real Credit which is your pluck—and you will acquire somehow what you require.

Printing Arrangements

Do not resort to mimeographing. It is true that *Story*, "the little magazine that came to stay," appeared first in mimeographed form, and *Gyroscope*, the magazine of Yvor Winters and his associates, maintained an air of distinction in spite of being, as the English say, "duplicated." Nevertheless a mimeographed magazine sets up resistance in the reader; he cannot escape the feeling that he is perusing an amateurish makeshift.

With little trouble a cheap printer can be found. Costs can be cut by the selection of a cheap paper. The compensation for low-grade paper and absence of fine printing is neatness of format and readability of text gained by selecting a good size of type well leaded. (My personal preference is for Caslon, 11 point on 12.) Fill the magazine as full of reading matter as you can without giving a crowded appearance. *The Little Review* came out for years, cheaply printed on cheap paper, relying solely upon the interest of its contents; to many young writers it was during those years far more thrilling than the expensively printed *Dial*, which after all was not serializing *Ulysses*.

For prospective editors who have a country shack, there is another cost-cutting possibility. It is the purchase of a small printing-press, such as is used on ocean liners to run off menus; then lay in a supply of type fonts, learn to set type, and thus manufacture your own publication. This reduces expenses to payments for paper, binding and postage. In this manner Hervey White at Woodstock, N. Y., produced the monthly *Plowshare*, 40 pages, for nine years, besides each winter printing one of his paper-bound novels.

Vol. 1, No. 1; Blessings from Ezra Pound

Your first number will come into a world so silent toward it that you will hear your own excited heart-beats as you read over again its contents. The silence will grow deafening, varied only by the fluttering of a few letters received from contributors or would-be contributors or perhaps from a reader-friend or even an established literary figure of generous inclination.

Meanwhile you have done what you can to attract attention to the infant. Your prospectus was, of course, mailed to the leading literary columns and reviews, and some of them have announced your venture. For this first number you have compiled a large editorial exchange list, a list of publishers, and a free list of prominent persons whose eye you wish to light upon your "alabaster offerings." (*Secession* was edited more for its free list of over one hundred, who were considered its "public", than for its fifty subscribers and scattered news-stand buyers.) The result may be a few printed notices of Vol. 1, No. 1.

It must be said that little magazines are now received with far less curiosity, interest, and open-mindedness than they were fifteen years ago. The clipping-book of *Secession*, for example, is more voluminous than that of the more ambitious *New Democracy*, and a comparison clearly establishes that the welcome to little reviews has temporarily been worn out. It may be argued that this drying up of curiosity about little magazines is not to the credit of established editors and columnists.

A sympathetic *critical* welcome can be counted on from little magazine veterans, from writers like William Carlos Williams, Alfred Kreymborg, Marianne Moore, Wallace Stevens, and most of all from Ezra Pound in exile at Rapallo. Is there an editor of a little *tendenz* magazine who is not deeply indebted to Pound?—the elder brother who in the midst of composing his *Cantos* has read seriously the new publication, has taken the pains to pen his blessing, criticism, and suggestions, has sent on writings of his own, and has even out of the straitened circumstances of a poet managed to make cash contributions to help save the sinking ship. There is no explaining the time, the unwearying energy, Pound has expended on a succession of little publications except to say that he is an *afficionado*.

What It Takes to Be a Little Magazine Editor

A good editor in the little magazine field must be able to perform the duties of the following:—office boy, typist, file clerk, bookkeeper, advertising manager and solicitor, circulation manager, business manager, art director, sub-editor, raiser of revenue, and editor.

Whether a magazine is a personal organ, like *Reedy's Mirror*, a miscellany of artistic adventures, like *Broom* during the first part of its life, or the organ of a group or school, like *New Democracy*, one-man control of the editorial policy is always best.

Contributors should feel that the editor's standards are the highest possible under the circumstances but that the contributor has the maximum freedom to attain these standards in any way he chooses. The editor of a little review never edits or rewrites his contributors' work.

For the editor of a little magazine censorship does not exist.

In the arts little review a severe aristocracy of taste which limits the audience is desired; in the political little review democratic effectiveness of its journalism is the desideratum, since the aim is to broaden the audience and to make converts of an ever increasing number.

The political little review, standing for a new idea to which professional writers have not yet attached themselves, must be a training school for amateur writers, letting down the bars for their early efforts and nursing their improvement.

The big magazines avoid controversy;

(*Continued on page* 14)

Jesus's Lighthouse Mission

By DAVID SCHUBERT

FOR men like this there is the sound
Of feet forever drawing near,
Withdrawing in the ground.

After the rain like leaves blown
Tissue paper, damp, discolored;
They fall from a tree of air, sown
By some peasant, centuries lowered.

It means, always, "Move, move on!"
They rise and creep below,
Above, under, on—
Never face the sun.

Snow
Means charity at Jesus' Lighthouse floats,
Anchors the angels. Paper sown
Between their skins and thin coats
To keep them warm.

War and hand grenades are
Listening at the corners, noon.
All night they hugged the hungry bone.
And sealed the lips and broke the stars.

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Soliloquy in Arizona

MIDNIGHT ON THE DESERT: EXCURSION INTO AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By J. B. Priestley. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by BERNARD DEVOTO

MR. PRIESTLEY'S book, a soliloquy in Arizona night, has much more autobiography than desert in it. It is interspersed with comments on America but consists mainly of reveries about the ideal state, the dimensions of space-time and beyond, the future of Europe, the conquest of poverty and the machine, and other impeccable essay topics. The essays and the introspection are all very well, but some of us were hoping that Mr. Priestley would speak out about the United States.

In the twentieth century the only book by an Englishman about America that has had much to say is C. E. M. Joad's; Mr. Joad abstained from visiting the United States and so could express fundamental criticisms unembarrassed by the prejudice that familiarity produces. "Midnight on the Desert" belongs to a softer tradition, the amiable, friendly, sympathetic tradition that began with Wells's "The Future in America." It is much less theoretical and fantastic than Wells's book; it has none of the superciliousness of Mr. Guedalla's "Conquistador"; it is considerably more intelligent than Arnold Bennett's "Your United States"; and if it lacks the occasional dazzling insight of Chesterton's "What I Saw in America" it also lacks Chesterton's more than occasional absurdity. Mr. Priestley is never absurd—or bigoted, splenetic, or insular. He likes a good deal of America, respects a good deal that he does not like, is tolerant about much that he does not respect, feels hopeful about the future, and never gets into the catarrhal, British-warm mood of the lecturer touring among the colonials.

The historian must note, however, that one inviolable part of the "Martin Chuzzlewit" tradition remains unviolated. Mr. Priestley repeatedly says "durned sight" under the impression that he is using an American idiom, and he hears a radio fight-announcer say, "Say, it's terrific. . . ." We are told that novelists have a keen ear for speech; so far as American speech is concerned, however, no English novelist has ever tried to improve on the ear of Charles Dickens.

The book is pleasant, persuasive, even charming, but apart from his metaphysical reveries, Mr. Priestley hasn't much to say. Whereas "English Journey" was full of sharp, sagacious comment, "Midnight on the Desert" is gossipy, pedestrian, and superficial. When it tries to be anything more, it goes wrong.

Mr. Priestley sees two portents of the future in America: the new economic organization that, almost unperceived, has developed in response to new methods of transportation, and tremendous community efforts of which Boulder Dam is the most notable symbol. His most extensive analysis is touched off by Boulder Dam and he finds that the Americans are much farther along toward collectivism than any European nation, that for all their talk about individualism they are not individualists by conviction or habit, that they have an instinctive aptitude for group effort, and that this may be not only the most important fact about them but the hope of the world as well.

Now this is all very acute and Boulder Dam is certainly an omen. Yet Mr. Priestley misses the point of his observation as he never missed it in "English Journey." Precisely as when, disturbed by the

FROM THE JACKET DESIGN OF "MIDNIGHT ON THE DESERT"

threat of a too early sexual sensitization in coeducational colleges, he does not see that coeducation is a direct expression of American social energies, implicit in the organization of our society and probably as typical a manifestation of it as can be found—so he is unaware that the American capacity for group effort, however thoroughgoing and powerful in space, is (or at least has always been) strictly limited in time. Innumerable achievements show that the Americans have a great capacity for temporary combinations—but they also show that the combinations are self-limited. NRA lasted, well, from three to nine months—and that gives the model. From the Army of the Potomac to the anarchy of the Indian campaigns; from the War Industries Board to Teapot Dome; from the Eighteenth Amendment to the Twenty-First Amendment; from the Populist Party to the election of 1900 or from the Republican party of Hoover to the Republican party of Landon; from the Fourteen Points to the Irreconcilables. If you concentrate on the first term you come out where Mr. Priestley does, but not if you remember the second term.

Nothing else that he has to say is as searching as this. He embraces a cliché when he finds that middle-class America is ignorant of art's solace, but that is just cultural lag, for everyone from the national government to Harold Stearns is now reporting otherwise. He makes the astonishing assertion that Americans are more anti-Semitic than the English—though he has the English novelist's habit of using the word "Jew" as an epithet rather than a designation. He is grateful for the climate and scenery of the Southwest, writing about the Grand Canyon as his predecessors of a century ago wrote about Niagara, but as a desert dweller, I am not convinced that he understands how people live in the desert.

I am not convinced, finally, that he understands much about how the Americans live. He is a sojourner of sensitive nerve-ends and great goodwill. But we are still a pageant to him, a spectacular and beautiful pageant to be sure, and frequently an inspiring one, but not one that anything in Yorkshire has prepared him to understand or even to explore. He was much better on England.

Human Figures

MATHEMATICS FOR THE MILLION. By Lancelot Hogben. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $5.

Reviewed by E. T. BELL

IN A preface called "Author's Excuse for Writing It," Professor Hogben says, "I wrote this book in hospital during an illness for my own fun." Anesthetics, antiseptics, and even sleeping-powders have vanished from the pages and only the fun remains. In addition to the mathematics there are dozens of good stories about the role of mathematics in the drama of civilization, with now and then a stiff jolt to the respective chins of reactionary conservatism and sanctimonious smugness. If some readers may occasionally disagree with the author's historical evaluations of mathematics, so much the better. Nothing is so stimulative of interest in scientific or social matters as a temporary exacerbation of the adrenal glands. Almost any reader of Hogben's book will get plenty of such stimulation, for the author's approach is consciously social. Mathematics is here portrayed as a social activity of human beings and not, as frequently in the past, a mystical echo of the incomprehensible word of God. On this level, mathematics is as understandable and as necessary to human welfare as is agriculture.

American readers will wish to know how much previous knowledge is a prerequisite to an understanding of the whole book. The usual course in high

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school mathematics is ample. Considerably less is adequate for the enjoyment of some of the most stimulating chapters, for example "From Crisis to Crossword Puzzles *or* the Beginnings of Arithmetic." For about half the book a grammar school education is sufficient. With this much mastered, the remainder should not be beyond anyone willing to take a little trouble. Excellent illustrations enliven the exposition. The entire book covers about the same ground that a junior college student will have traversed by the end of his second year, through arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, and the easier stages of analytic geometry and the calculus.

To this general statement there is one most important exception. The concluding chapter, "Statistics *or* The Arithmetic of Human Welfare," explaining incidentally the mathematics of heredity, goes beyond the usual junior college course. Fully as approachable as the earlier chapters, this last will give many explorers a thrill like that which Keats experienced on first reading Chapman's Homer. Here many will catch their first vision of a new earth; whether they will also glimpse a new heaven is more doubtful. In fact the author fires some barbed remarks at enthusiastic economists and others who go off half-cocked from an overcharge of graphs and deadlier mathematical ammunition whose explosive habits they have failed to master.

From what has been said it must not be inferred that Professor Hogben's book is just one controversy after another. It is not; a mass of orthodox mathematics is developed in a way which is unorthodox only for its unusual interest and constant touch with the everyday life of busy mortals. The book is not a substitute for the usual texts, but a supplement, and it is admirably adapted for self-instruction. Almost any page will provoke interesting discussion, even — perhaps especially—when it is possible to differ with the author on historical grounds. Yet the book does present an integrated account of usable mathematics from a consistently human point of view, and in doing so is probably unique in its field. Those who need rigor in the calculus or alternatives in the history can get both in numerous places not overlapping the specific contribution to mathematical enlightenment which this book makes. It is a book for fascinated browsing for any serious student, and one to delight any amateur who wishes to see what mathematics is about and what it can do for human beings. No doubt any pedantic ass could point out things that would be unacceptable in an examination paper. To judge the book on this level would be to put oneself in the category designated.

Eric Temple Bell is on the staff of the California Institute of Technology, and author of "Men of Mathematics," reviewed two weeks ago.

Room at the Top

PRESENT INDICATIVE. By Noel Coward. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by JAMES THURBER

NOEL COWARD, with a couple dozen plays behind him, will not be thirty-eight years old until December. He started to work and live at such high speed when he was still in short pants that by the time he was twenty-one he could look back on triumphs and failures in the theatre. On his twenty-fifth birthday he had his first smash hit, as author and actor, when "The Vortex" opened in London. He was by that time a widely experienced man of the stage. As young as Mr. Coward is, this book is the story of more than thirty years of public appearances. He made the first of these appearances when

NOEL COWARD (RIGHT) IN 1911
With Philip Tonge in "Where the Rainbow Ends."

he was six, at a children's concert, singing and accompanying himself on the piano. At seven he worked out a dance routine. When he was nine he wrote a tragedy, forced some little neighbor girls to act it out and, when they giggled and forgot their lines, bashed the eldest over the head with a wooden spade. At ten he became a professional (his parents were poor and had to take in roomers) appearing, for two pounds a week, as a page boy in a comedy starring Charles Hawtrey. At thirteen he was in a repertory company. By the time he was nineteen he had written several plays, a novel, some verses, short stories (which he sold), songs, and lyrics. He wasn't yet twenty-one when he sold his first play, to Al Woods, for $2,000 (it was never produced). This amazing pace has never let up. To pack in all the events of his career he has had to write a fast-moving, streamlined chronicle.

Noel Coward's comedies created him as surely as he created them. They built up in the popular imagination a witty, talented, and superficial young man, who flew into fame almost as quickly as Lindbergh. This is the legendary figure, complete with high-powered car, glass of champagne, and stream of repartee. Such a figure needs no past and suggests no future, it just stands there, forever bantering and forever smug. Mr. Coward's efforts in the theatre to present another side of himself and of his talent have not met with lasting success. When, in his recent series of nine short plays, he jumped tragically out of the window in "The Astonished Heart," it was to land in a more familiar comedy part in the play that immediately followed that one —and obliterated it. Mr. Coward's genius for light comedy has pigeon-holed him. But whatever you may think of his varied talents, "Present Indicative" does much to destroy, I think, the legendary personal Noel Coward of the comedies.

His book is the story of his struggle—not flight—to the top, of his humiliations and triumphs, his ovations and what he calls "kicks in the pants," his easy sailings and his dead ends. It does not appear as apology, defense, or rebuttal—there is in it (someone is sure to ask) no reference to Mr. Keith Winter or his *roman à clef,* "Passionate Pygmies," in which the character of Andrew Jordan was supposedly taken from the Noel Coward of the legends. There is none of the bright malice for which some readers will disappointedly search and while the book is highly amusing in many places, there is an effortless avoidance of "Noel Coward lines." It is a candid and straightaway setting down of what has happened to him and what he thinks about it. "I am neither conceited, overbearing, rude, nor insulting to waiters. People often refer to me as being 'simple' and 'surprisingly human.' All of which is superficially gratifying but, on closer analysis, quite idiotic." Thus a discussion of conceit, ending with "My sense of my own importance to the world is relatively small. On the other hand, my sense of my own importance to myself is tremendous."

His humiliations, if anything, have predominated over his triumphs. An audience in Chicago laughed through his serious play "The Vortex"; an audience in New York walked out on "This Was a Man," while he sat in a box; an audience in London greeted "Sirocco" with boos and shouts and Bronx cheers—while he fought back at them from the stage. The story ends on a high note—the great night in London when the Royal Family came to see "Cavalcade." The book teems with celebrities, but the accent is on a few friends, most of them not known to fame. It presents surely the most vivid picture of the theatre, from the writing of a play to the end of a long run, that has yet been done.

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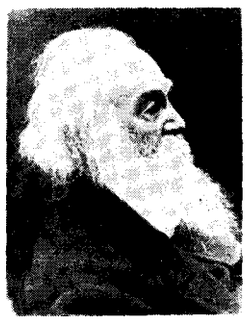
Spokesman of America

WHITMAN. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by CLIFTON JOSEPH FURNESS

IN this book, the first biography of Whitman for several years, a pupil surveys his master through understanding eyes. Reading Masters's "Whitman" is an enjoyable experience. It is not so soured as was his book on Lincoln. Throughout it rings honest, reverent, even grateful. By inference comes testimony of what Masters gleaned from his Whitman. And it is the choicest Masters. As I read, the feeling grew upon me that the Edgar Lee Masters of "Spoon River" has come back. He is not above superimposing his own personal attitude at times. But he is sputtering less, acquainted more with grief, touched with mellow reason.

This book is grounded on sufficiently thorough research to have made it the ready reference book on Whitman, if it were "mortised and tenonded" in the necessary scholarly apparatus. Sources are not invariably cited. A few footnotes or references in an appendix might have served as a hinge to turn the reader toward a fuller knowledge of Whitman. On the other hand, it has sacrificed literary charm by becoming largely a compilation; in many parts the work lapses into a patchwork of quotations. Certain chapters read like excerpts from an anthology.



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WHITMAN

However, the work is an ideal introduction for one ignorant of Whitman. It has cleared up tangled knots in Whitman tradition. At last we learn the straight facts about Whitman's illness and death, and the official findings of the autopsy. We are given the entries in Whitman's bank book, the details of drawing up his will, and a critical analysis of the squabble over the treatment of Whitman's housekeeper, Mrs. Davis. Whitman emerges from under the searchlight, little or none the worse for the inspection. We are relieved to find that Mr. Masters finds no evidence to substantiate syphilitic infection, and to know that Walt did not mistreat Mrs. Davis. Whitman does not fare so well in respect to his veracity at the hands of his new biographer. "Whitman was not above telling 'whoppers.'" Masters attributes this trait to Whitman's "secretiveness," or "deficient historical faculty."

The mysterious element in Whitman centers in sex. Masters's treatment is the sanest so far advanced. He handles the story that Whitman told about being the father of six children better than anybody else has yet done. He scouts the whole idea. The reputed romance in New Orleans and the "love affair" with Anne Gilchrist are admirably handled. This is the first time that "the mysterious woman" who has dogged Whitman in pseudo-biographies has been properly debunked. At last we have a Whitman biographer who passes over the New Orleans episode without a search for juicy fruit. Masters is honest: "He wrote no letters about romances, for he had none."

In the Gilchrist chapter he faces facts, but lets them speak without romancing. He presents a clear statement of "What Anne Gilchrist felt and what Whitman did not feel." Masters finds that Whitman "wrote her into no poem, just as he never sang a woman . . . He wrote no poem to her." (Is it possible that Masters has overlooked the poem "Going Somewhere" that Whitman wrote as "a memory-leaf for her dear sake"?) Probably correct is the final inference that "by his nature he did not love women romantically . . . Women . . . did not interest him so much as men did."

Adequate consideration is given to Whitman's thought on politics. The social consciousness of today is quickened more than was that of Whitman's contemporary audience. This element in Whitman has recently been brought forcefully to our attention by Professor Louise Pound, and others.

Whitman's philosophical and religious ideas had constant and direct effect upon his writings. Masters exposes him as "incapable of a systematic philosophy," and calls his muddled ideas of philosophy "ostentation concerning things that he knew about in the most fugitive way." He agrees heartily, however, that Whitman's cast of spirit was essentially mystical rather than intellectual. He gives the Quaker element in Whitman's thought its due place (as have W. S. Kennedy and Harrison Morris also). Masters frequently refers to the "cosmic consciousness" postulated by Whitman's friend, Dr. R. M. Bucke. He skirts the deeper aspects of the subject, but then sheers off. He writes like a mystic who is afraid of his own nature. What he does say indicates that he could have given the best picture yet attained of Whitman in this important aspect. Like many contemporaries who feel themselves instinctively drawn toward Whitman, Masters is conscious of what Whitman meant when he said, "Darest thou now O Soul?", but he stops short of launching a real research into the spiritual world.

Masters's literary criticism of Whitman is on the whole the most definite contribution of the book. His estimate of the ultimate significance of Whitman is that "Whitman is the great spokesman in America . . . for the life of freedom."

The Heritage of the Forty-Niners

YOUNG ROBERT. By George Albee. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by DUNCAN AIKMAN

ONCE again, a California novel insinuates that the forty-niners were of the same bloodstream with the folk heroes. Mr. Albee, however, does the job with certain distinctive innovations. Instead of the forty-niners themselves, replete with bowie knives, gusto, and Bret Harte setting, he gives us the second and third generations—still shaggy and untamed, and speaking an antique Homeric wisdom in runes and Old Testament cadences—against the background of San Francisco's stuffiness in the early years of the century.

To the respectable hardware merchant's little boy who tells the story, the Limewrights were fascinating, yet a little terrifying. There was Conor who ran a waterfront livery stable. There was Flann, the sailor, who was alternately either getting himself bemedalled for heroism or blacklisted for maritime union agitations. There was Dermott, the rancher, Dana, the preacher, and Angus, the labor leader, to whom hating the capitalists was a kind of poetic mysticism.

Above all, there was Angus's son, Robert, who could out-fight or out-learn any boy in the San Francisco public school system, but generally didn't try to because he was too busy cultivating whatever personal interest he happened to have at the moment. It might be going on the strike picket line with his father. It might be building tunnels under San Francisco's suburban near-mountains. Or it might be a matter of trying to absorb all astronomy in three months, as Robert attempted at Stanford, or of pushing the art of being tough to its highest refinements which happened to be his specialty in high school.

Something, Mr. Albee seems to be saying, drives a man of high and poetic gusto for life out of the social mechanism for living as California (or any other American state) has organized it. From Conor to Angus the elder Limewrights, being nearer the land and the past, managed some kind of an adjustment. But Robert, throwing away his life at twenty on an inconsequential labor brawl which interested him merely because he happened to be on hand, is tagged as one of civilization's tragic waste products. California, in other words, had to throw her best forty-niner blood away because she had no sensible way of harnessing it.

This is highly suggestive social criticism. The only flaw in Mr. Albee's performance is the strong smell of the saga. He trembles too much between Cuchulain and Middletown to be at all times credible.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Agitated Ladies

THE emotions of Mrs. Josephine Hancock Logan, author of "Sanity in Art" and founder of a society which has the same name, are high-frequency but her staff work is bad. Mr. George Elmer Browne hopefully assures her that crazy art is absolutely dead in Europe but Sir William Stephens is alarmed because it isn't dead there and Mr. F. C. Tilney welcomes her to his transatlantic crusade against it. Worse still, Mr. Gutzon Borglum denounces "the pseudo-classicism that elbowed out of existence the outcropping of a new world's soul, for . . . America has a great soul of her own, and in its place the pseudo-classicist lined our public places with the myths of Egypt, Greece, and even the more ancient." Whereas Mrs. Logan alludes to the dawn of that great day "which brought us the World's Columbian Exposition [and] art as such began to illumine our horizon." Whether America or merely Chicago was so illumined is not clear, but one remembers that the architecture of the Columbian Exposition was "pseudo-classical" and filled the country with Parthenon banks, Pantheon court-houses, and Baths of Caracalla warehouses. If this was the true vision, what about the outcropping of the new world's soul that it elbowed out of existence? (Mr. Borglum's metaphor would receive our office award for phrase of the week except that Mrs. Logan surpasses it when she speaks of "the eggs of a Dinosaur millions and millions of years old, cracked open disclosing the skeleton of a baby beastie that was never born.")

Sanity in Art might do worse than to investigate this impairment in public places of the new world's soul. The baths of Caracalla are certainly classical but they are no more alien than the log cabin, which is supposed to be our basic symbol and which is Swedish in origin, not American. Probably the only edifices that could line our public places with any assurance of genuineness would be built of bark, buffalo hides, or sun-dried brick. Or at least they would have to work within the forms set by the tipi, the cave-house, or the pueblo. Mr. Borglum says that he would welcome anything short of a riot that would bury the past and "make room for native drama and beauty." He had better watch out: he may get stuck fast between the grain elevator and the Amerind.

Mrs. Logan's book, which is intended to slay surrealism and similar monsters, does not live up to its advance publicity or to the manifesto that she sent out when soliciting diatribes to publish in it. It makes clear that Mrs. Logan is grieved by the more eccentric phases of contemporary painting and sculpture and regards them as an affront not only to her but to America as well—but that fact got into the papers long ago, and this presentation of it lacks both novelty and literary charm. It also shows that a number of people share her alarm—art patrons, American Penwomen, and others—and send her the warmest sort of praise, but the bystander hardly catches fire. It summarizes a lot of powerful emotions, but they have been expressed by others with more vigor, polish, and persuasiveness, and far more point. It is exclamatory, vague, and muddleheaded—a mere tantrum. And it says little about what it proposes to do. It is just a crusade.

Like most crusades, this one proceeds from a state of mind contradictory on the upper levels and ambiguous if not sinister on the lower ones. Mrs. Logan holds that "modern art" is humbug, but apparently does not consider it a waste of energy to attack mere humbug. She says that she has faith in the American people, as the queerest sorts of people selling the queerest nostrums also have, but she is not willing to trust them to deal sensibly with what she considers evil. She forms a society to change their minds and tastes for them, a kindness which it is always healthy to reject with great rudeness. Just how she proposes to effect the change is not clear, unless she considers forty pages of signed testimonials, which read like patent medicine ads, enough to do the job. There are hints that Sanity in Art will try to bring pressure on the museums through their patrons; if the museums hang any more humbug, good-bye to endowments. That unexpectedly lands this society of amiable gentlewomen in the company of other movements of the day similarly possessed of the one true revelation and prepared to save souls with machine-guns if necessary. The society knows what the true and the beautiful are, and it knows what the true Americanism is. It has the genuine article, everything else is counterfeit, and all other local banners are defied.

Somebody should commend to the agitated ladies the urbanity that is supposed to come from the contemplation of beautiful objects. This book is quite as silly as any manifesto issued by the cockeyed geniuses at whom it is aimed, and it has neither the exuberance nor the wit that makes an acceptable substitute for sense in many of the manifestoes. The ladies might also be advised to visit the storerooms of the museums that so annoy them. A glance at the dates on the canvases withdrawn from favor, or even at some of the price tags, would prove very soothing and might make them more hopeful for the future.

Perils of Pauline The Western Writers' Congress favors us with a specimen of a new art, an art which owes something to "The Perils of Pauline" but more to astrology. It sends us a copy of a telegram which it recently dispatched to Harcourt, Brace & Company.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE WESTERN WRITERS CONGRESS NOTES ANNOUNCEMENT I COVER THE WORLD EDITED BY EUGENE LYONS CHAPTER ON RUSSIA BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN BOTH NOTORIOUS FOR ANTI SOVIET BIAS STOP WE PROTEST WHAT MUST INEVITABLY BE DISTORTION OF TRUE FACTS AND WILL REGISTER PROTEST PUBLICLY

Why stop there, with the buzzsaw half an inch from Pauline's soft throat? The Western Writers' Congress is unfair to the reading class. Fair practice and a minimum living honesty would require it to announce what statements in this book which it has not seen distort what facts.

Paul Elmer More We have been asked to believe in recent years that *critic* and *controversialist* are synonymous terms. They are not. The good critic strips for battle when necessary, but his real job is less spectacular and ultimately more useful. It is his prime task to evaluate literature, to set it in true perspective to the life of reason and the life of the emotions. Such a critic was Paul Elmer More. He was a staunch defender of Humanism, as he understood the term, but long after the dust has settled over that little fracas of the twenties, his ripe and penetrating studies of literature, new and old, in his Shelburne Essays will be leafed for wisdom. There have been more vigorous, but no more discriminating and more truly erudite writers upon literature in our time. He could discuss the philosophy of the Christian fathers, sympathetically penetrate the tough-rinded Thoreau, or handle the powerful defeatism of Joyce, with an equipment of knowledge, penetration, and devotion to truth which few men in this era of impressionism could equal. It is erroneous to suppose him a belated upholder of the Genteel Tradition. His scholarship cut through stale orthodoxy, and if his predilections were for sweetness and light, that was because he belonged with the men of good will who could be realists without losing confidence in tradition. One thinks of Boethius holding fast to the good, the true, and the beautiful in an age of disintegration. If More's part was less important, it was nobly played. It is not necessary to accept his philosophy in order to respect and profit by his work—and of how many critics can this be said?

H. S. C.

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Letters to the Editor: *The Bonnie Blue Flag; Tolstoy and His Family*

Swords and Onions

SIR:—I challenge the writer of your somewhat sneering and supercilious editorial "The Bonnie Blue Flag" (March 6th) on the grounds of double ignorance. He says, "Surely trumpets may blow yellowly for Jeb Stuart riding round the Federal lines singing madrigals and wearing roses at his sabre-knot (he has so far been left to the Yankee Hergesheimer)." If his editorial refers entirely to works of fiction he should know that Mr. Hergesheimer's "Swords and Roses," though it may read like fiction, ain't. And if he thinks that Jeb Stuart has so far been left to the damyankees he should read "J. E. B. Stuart" by Major John W. Thomason, U.S.M.C.—a Texan whose forebears fought under "The Bonnie Blue Flag."

BRECKENRIDGE BEAUREGARD YASSUH.
"Burntover,"
Sherman's Furnace, Ga.

The Editor acknowledges an inexcusable blunder. Payment to Colonel Yassuh, of the Charleston Yassuhs, will be made under the penalty clause which protects statements made on the editorial page. Readers are notified, however, that the Colonel, according to information in the possession of the editor, was motivated in his protest by a commercial spirit unbecoming his honored name. Furthermore he practises Voodoo.

"The Final Struggle"

SIR:—The review of "The Final Struggle," published by you on January 30th, mentions that the Countess Tolstoy "pointed out . . . that her children and grandchildren were penniless." But if that was true, whose fault was it? Tolstoy had handed over to his wife and family the whole of his estate, worth some $250,000 or $300,000, as well as the income for a quarter of a century from the sale of all his earlier writing, including "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina." Some of his children had married wealthy people, some held salaried posts, and some managed their estates.

Light is thrown on the Countess's intention in making such a statement by a passage in her Diary where she says: "I jerked the table just now and my husband's portrait fell on the floor. Just so with this diary am I casting him down from the pedestal he has all his life assiduously erected for himself."

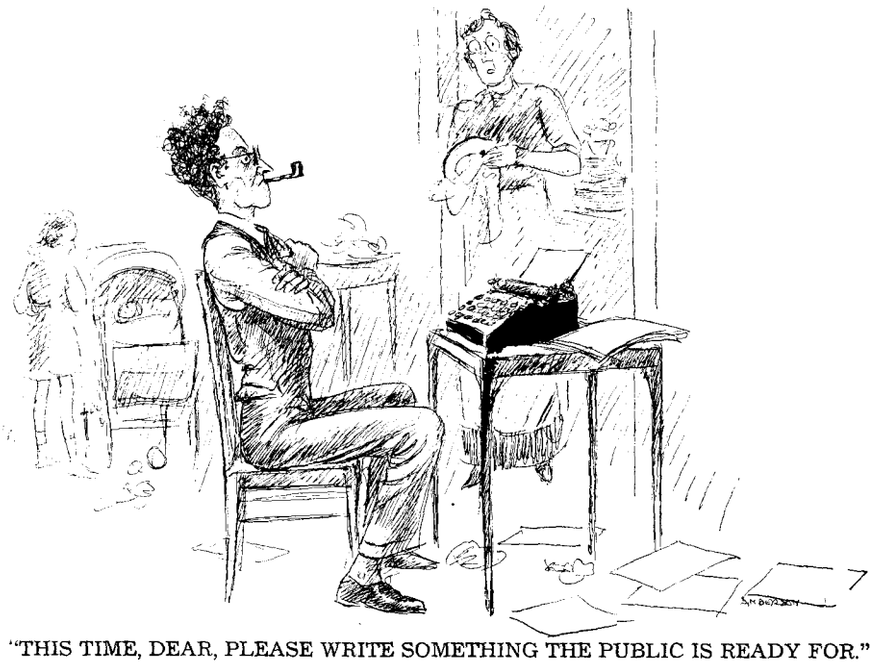
For years the Countess wrote her Diaries with that aim in view, and when the first two volumes of it were published many people took their evidence as reliable, in spite of the glaring contradictions they contained.

Tolstoy's reputation suffered, and first his daughter and now his son have felt it their duty to defend him from such unjustifiable denunciations.

That even in "The Final Struggle" Tolstoy's own observations, as your reviewer rightly remarks, "though in one or two instances very pertinent, are too few to be of real assistance," is explained by the fact that Tolstoy always tried to screen and excuse his wife's abnormalities. His Diaries were kept not to defend himself, but merely as day to day jottings and memoranda, often so concise that one has to guess at their meaning. They were obviously not written to persuade or convince anyone, and when I spent a few days with him a year before his death, he told me that, with the exception of certain passages which contained reflections, he did not think they were worth publishing.

Your reviewer is, I think, not justified in saying of Tolstoy's daughter Alexandra that she "forced him to make a secret will," that she "terrorized Tolstoy," and that she "avows her hatred for her mother"; nor do I agree with her opinion that "Serge L. Tolstoy (the Editor of "The Final Struggle") . . . was antagonistic to Tolstoy's wife" (his own mother). On the contrary he appears to me to be singularly fair and impartial, and to have ably fulfilled a filial duty by rectifying to some extent the misleading impression produced by the first two volumes of the Countess's Diary.

AYLMER MAUDE.
Great Baddow,
Chelmsford, England.



"THIS TIME, DEAR, PLEASE WRITE SOMETHING THE PUBLIC IS READY FOR."

"Frank Forester"

SIR:—For more than a dozen moons—including some blue ones—I have been collecting material for a biography of "Frank Forester" (Henry William Herbert, 1807-1858). To date, the enigma of this versatile English - Irish - American writer still presents enough posers to hoist a whole brace of detectives on their own petards.

"Frank Forester" is still popular in a quiet but persistent way. Strong, silent men among the hunters, trappers, and fishermen look suddenly and pleasantly book-conscious when his name is mentioned; the eyes of brokers in lower Manhattan light up in a human way as though Pan had just passed down Wall Street, pipes and all; and even women stop toying with their teaspoons when Herbert's story is told, however inadequately.

Any information leading to manuscript letters by, to, or about Herbert, or unpublished or newly discovered facts about Adela Budlong (Herbert's second wife), or about Margaret Morgan Herbert (Mrs. DeWitt Clinton Mather), formerly of Bound Brook, N. J., will be most gratefully welcomed by the undersigned.

EDWARD VOORHEES.
Bard College,
Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Browning and Hardy

SIR:—May I ask for the assistance of space in your columns in an endeavor to find a letter written by Thomas Hardy to Robert Browning?

Hardy wrote a brief letter in May, 1888, asking Browning to accept the gift of two volumes of "Wessex Tales." Browning died the next year, and the letter remained in the possession of Browning's son until it was sold at auction at Sotheby's in London on May 6th, 1913. It was bought by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, and was listed in his catalogue of November 1913 as item No. 275.

Dr. Rosenbach does not now recall who bought the letter nearly a quarter of a century ago; and it is of course possible that it may have changed hands many times since 1913. Can any reader of *The Saturday Review* supply information about this letter? Or will the present owner be kind enough to communicate with me?

CARL J. WEBER.
Colby College,
Waterville, Maine.

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Reopening the Lincoln Case

WHY WAS LINCOLN MURDERED? By Otto Eisenschiml. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by PAUL H. BUCK

THIS is the most fascinating piece of historical detective work I have ever read. A book of fiction half so thrilling in plot, half so baffling in denouement, and half so amazing in implication would be classified as fantasy. Yet this work is so sincere in purpose, so honest in scholarship, and so completely documented that it commands the utmost respect from the most meticulous student of history.

Why was Lincoln murdered? The case against Booth is complete. There is no question of his guilt, no question that he dominated the small group of conspirators who paid the penalty for the crime. To be sure the issue of his motive has not and cannot be satisfactorily settled. Yet, except in the fantastic and unsuccessful attempt to involve Jefferson Davis in the conspiracy, it has always seemed most plausible to explain Booth's motive in terms that arose from within the makeup of his own personality.

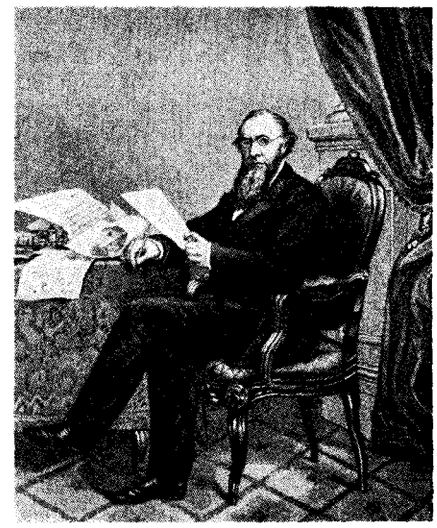
But beyond these plain statements of fact every detail surrounding the conception, execution, and sequel of the assassination rests upon evidence that is debatable, contradictory, and incomplete. Historians, prior to Mr. Eisenschiml, indicated their puzzlement if not bewilderment in the face of this confusion. But for the most part, in spite of their professed adherence to the discipline of historical criticism, they accepted the evidence which came their way and eked out from it a more or less traditional story with Booth the central figure. The "smudges" on the record, as Mr. Eisenschiml aptly describes them, remained unanswered.

Mr. Eisenschiml approached the confusion trained in the technique of chemical research. He was inspired, if not directly at least in spirit, by the experience of the French scientist Becquerel who found smudges on a photographic plate for which he could give no immediate explanation. Becquerel's "curiosity was aroused and he did not rest until it was satisfied. The result of his inquisitiveness was the discovery of radium."

Mr. Eisenschiml had a chemist's curiosity which apparently is greater than the historian's. The "smudges" on the record of Lincoln's murder disturbed him far more than they ever disturbed any other scholar of the Civil War. Instead of accepting the incomplete and indecisive evidence from which the usual narrative had been written, *he asked his evidence questions*—profound, penetrating, skeptical questions. When the known evidence failed to yield the answer, he sought further with indefatigable energy and curiosity, the result of which was to bring forth new evidence the existence and relevance of which his predecessors never suspected.

Mr. Eisenschiml arrived at no final establishment of the truth—nothing comparable to the scientist's solution of the photographic smudges into radium. For after all he was not dealing with living phenomena in a laboratory capable of control and immediate, personal observation. He was dealing with dead actors in a dead past. Some, perhaps the most vital, elements in the record had disappeared forever. Yet he found enough both in his query of the old and discovery of the new to dictate a complete rewriting of the conventional story. The first and immediate lesson of this book is the lesson in technique it teaches the professional historian.

The implications of Mr. Eisenschiml's research point strongly to a connection between the Radical Republicans with Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton as their prime agent and the assassination plot. The case against the Radicals and Stanton is developed under four major heads. (1) They wished to prolong the war so as to convert it from a struggle primarily to save the union into a war to emancipate the Negro. Successful in this they then desired to see Reconstruction proceed along vindictive rather than lenient lines of policy. (2) They developed an uncontrollable hatred against Lincoln, whom they could not dominate, who was lenient in policy, and who stood as the great barrier to their success. Lincoln must be removed. (3) The power-hungry Stanton was negligent, evasive, and double-dealing at the time of the assassination. (4) Stanton showed vagaries of conduct, deceit, and bias in the prosecution.



EDWIN M. STANTON
From a painting by Nast.

The evidence that Mr. Eisenschiml marshals is impressive under each heading. Especially in regard to Stanton does the case seem appalling in its completeness. Stanton's duplicity is established. So also is his thirst for personal power, and his restlessness under and hatred of Lincoln. Most serious of all is the record of Stanton's conduct just before, during, and after the assassination which leaves no doubt that he was either grossly inefficient, criminally negligent, or positively involved in the conspiracy. Only by giving Stanton the benefit of every doubt could he be completely whitewashed. There are far too many doubts to permit any one to believe that Stanton could escape unscathed on every count.

But the difficulty is that Mr. Eisenschiml's evidence is susceptible of various interpretations. It is so circumstantial as to be inadmissible, as he recognizes, in any court of law. He himself has strong convictions in regard to Stanton. These convictions may have been logically arrived at but they nevertheless constitute a bias which inclines him to deduce from the debatable evidence the conclusion which is in his mind. A historian with a friendly bias could conceivably (it would be more difficult) find in the same evidence a quite different story. Even if one is inimical to Stanton it is possible to explain his shortcomings, as David M. De Witt did in his "Assassination of Abraham Lincoln," in terms of Stanton's aptitude for losing his head in crises.

What conclusion does Mr. Eisenschiml seek to establish? Merely that Stanton hated Lincoln, was shockingly negligent in protecting his president, was inefficient in the crisis, and acted queerly in the man hunt and prosecution of the conspirators? If this is all, he is doing little more than establish more securely a conviction that historians have entertained for a number of years. Professor Dunning in 1907 described Stanton as a "personage, whose amazing record of duplicity strongly suggests the vagaries of an opium eater." De Witt's condemnation in 1909 was severe. "At this harrowing crisis," he wrote, "the reins of government dropped into the hands of the Secretary of War; and a pilot more unfit to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm than Edwin M. Stanton could not have been found."

Or does Mr. Eisenschiml want us to believe that Stanton was an accessory before or during or after the fact of murder? Seemingly this is the "appalling implication" of the book. Seemingly this is where every argument appears to be leading. But when we approach the denouement Mr. Eisenschiml subtly and deftly retreats. "There is not a shred of evidence," he concludes, "to connect the

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Radicals with Lincoln's death." Neither is there direct evidence against Stanton. A jury might return the verdict that Stanton had motive, that he had opportunity, that he demonstrated shocking negligence and duplicity—but beyond this the case cannot be established. Quite the reverse. Stanton may be an unlovable figure, but he was not, at least in my opinion, capable of engaging in a conspiracy for the murder of Lincoln. Booth, alone, is the central figure and if the motive of the crime is still unsolved it is because Booth carried it to his grave.

The book should command a wide reading public. It should be read generally because of its inherent interest, suspense, and superb composition. It should be used by scholars because of its technical and factual contributions. The book might well result in a wholly new reëxamination of the late Civil War and early Reconstruction period. Eisenschiml takes his place deservedly along with Herndon, Nicolay and Hay, Beveridge, and Barton as an indispensable item in Lincolniana.

Paul H. Buck is assistant professor of history at Harvard, and author of a forthcoming book, "The Road to Reunion."

Atmosphere of Decay

NIGHTWOOD. By Djuna Barnes. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

MR. T. S. ELIOT'S introduction to this extraordinary book stresses its "beauty of phrasing, brilliance of wit and characterization, and a quality of horror and doom very nearly related to Elizabethan tragedy." While the average reader may care less than Mr. Eliot for the last of these, he will agree that the author has been successful in carrying out an extremely difficult task, and that she has fittingly conveyed the sufferings of her Night People, elsewhere called "permanent mistakes." At its best her prose is eloquent and moving, at its worst no more tortured than the characters. Such a dialogue as that between Dr. O'Connor and Nora builds up to an unbearable intensity of feeling, making the final tragedy seem something of a resolution and relief. On the other hand the vaunted church scene borders upon scabrous burlesque.

Passing over Mr. Eliot's further assertion that the book is not a psychopathic study, one can only wonder at his failure to perceive that the atmosphere of decay in "Nightwood" stems from the fin-de-siècle Frenchmen rather than from the Elizabethans. The early chapters even recall Wilde and Pater with due modern improvements in frankness. It is this element which renders "Nightwood" coterie literature in spite of its imaginative scope and occasional verbal felicity. Such a book has value as an interesting literary sport, aptly conceived to convulse the Bloomsburys of the world.

City of Industrial Strife

AMERICAN CITY. By Charles Rumford Walker. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

MR. WALKER came to Minneapolis as a research chemist might enter a laboratory to investigate, let us say, a promising war gas. His interest was, as he tells us in his introduction, primarily in the "explosive and decisive character" of its labor conflicts. Minneapolis therefore is to him a test-tube whose contents he analyzes, discarding from his attention all ingredients but those which have for him a bearing on "the dynamics of social and economic struggle in America." This he frankly admits from the start. The result of his findings is a brilliant piece of reportorial writing which in this reviewer's opinion amply justifies—if justification is needed—his choice of this particular test-tube. Nevertheless, wars are no longer regarded as the whole history of a nation, nor the political struggles of an individual's life a complete biography, and therefore over the claims of his book to being both the history and biography of their loved city, Minneapolitans are likely to shake their heads. To most other readers, however, interest in the locale will be subsidiary to the graphic picture he presents of a city torn by industrial conflict. As such it is exciting.

First and foremost this is the story of the Minneapolis truckdrivers' famous strike of the spring and summer of 1934 with its Battle of Deputies Run in the market-place, and its subsequent Bloody Friday. The early chapters merely prepare us for the struggle, with a brief picture of the phenomenally rapid growth of the city, its Golden Age of empire building, and the beginning of the decline of its great industries, flour and agriculture. Colorful portraits enliven the tale; of the ruthless Jim Hill; of the campaigning Charles Lindbergh who, accompanied by Charles Jr., toured the state in the interests of the farmers; of Floyd B. Olson, the slum boy, who became governor and might well have been a president had he not died too soon. The author has a true gift for characterization and uses it with brilliant and colorful effect again and again throughout his book. To those who are familiar with the persons he introduces, his quick sketches show an almost uncanny honesty.

Nevertheless non-participants who lived through those days will be bound to consider that Mr. Walker was somewhat biased in his sympathies. He has much to say, for example, of the tactics resorted to by the employers and the citizens' army, which were undoubtedly bad enough, but he says little or nothing of

International

MINNEAPOLIS

the rough and often brutal handling by the strikers of bewildered farmers trying to bring their produce to the market. Certainly there was ruthless slugging on both sides although Mr. Walker seems not to have been aware of this. As for his account of the extraordinary organization at the strikers' headquarters, though it is faithful to the facts in the main, its details were hardly as perfected as he would have us believe, and most of the strikers themselves would agree, I think, that he has been tempted to touch up somewhat his pen pictures of their leaders.

The book concludes with a rather superficial survey of the city's every day life, and a not too cheerful prognosis of its future.

Mr. Walker has been guilty of a few inaccuracies, but they are not very serious and only such as may be expected from a transient, even one as carefully observing as he has proven himself to be. If I were to quarrel with him it would be mildly and rather over his omissions. He has I think, given too little space to the part placed by Scandinavians in both Minnesota's accomplishments and troubles. His suggestion that in Minnesota the melting-pot has not worked indicates a very cursory glance at the vast numbers of amalgamated racial elements. His gloomy picture of the state's agricultural situation is also only part of the story as today's figures prove. In the labor field he has not given sufficient emphasis to the importance of the itinerant worker in the city's ferment.

Mr. Walker writes, to be sure, of only one aspect of Minneapolis and like a modern painter he has full justification for the distortion of his subject. But I can't help wishing he had stayed longer.

Mabel S. Ulrich, M.D., lives in Minneapolis, and is now in charge of the W.P.A. Literary Guide for the Minnesota section of the country.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Obsequious

STUDENT of the Neverlasting Now
I know too well, necessity inveterate
Corrupts my vivid Present into Preterite.

O ultimate verb, so variously inflected.
Be unexpected:
As you Say When, allow
Just time for my Here's How.

Afterthought for St. Patrick

In respect of the recurrent emergence of the theme of sex, it must always be remembered that his locale was Celtic and his season spring.

—Judge J. M. Woolsey, Decision on Joyce's *Ulysses*, 1933.

He heard the clock its knell tick,
He heard the blackbird sing:
Reaction peristaltic
And psychic too, they bring,
For his locale was Celtic
And his season, spring.

A Sonnet

Today I wrote a sonnet, or at any rate the first draught of one; something I haven't attempted in a long time.—Be reassured: I have no intention of printing it. But my subsequent thought is perhaps worth mention.

It was this: perhaps every writer should be compelled, once a year, to write a sonnet, strict in versification. This to remind (or teach) himself how hard it is to say exactly what one intends. These political correspondents, economic experts, authoritative consultants of all sorts who fill the press, what dangerous glibness they have. Suppose they were to spend a whole happy day pondering the weight and balance of one line, as the poet often must, might it—would it not—be a blessing?

And then perhaps, like the poet, put it somberly away to reconsider later.

I know eminent literary men who sometimes confess that long ago, as college boys, they wrote sonnets; they speak with tender jocularity as though it was but a childish pastime. Yet, perhaps, then more than ever since they knew the bitter struggle for veracity.

Suppose every runner, in order to qualify as such in his own conceit, had to run a mile against Glenn Cunningham.

You simply don't know the beginnings of what poetry means until you've tried to create some yourself. So, I'm tempted to think, the annual sonnet really should be statutory for writers; like making out the Income Tax. But don't send it to *me*; send it to the Poetry Editor. Better still use it as a marker in your Wordsworth or your Edna Millay.

What happens when one feels impelled to write a sonnet? First, required a mood that seems to fit naturally into that form. This does not come by appointment. There are certain twinges of feeling (I will not bewray them too coarsely) that seem fit for that condensed music. The most modernist poets (Cummings, for instance) have shown themselves as aware of this as the old gaffers (who were all young modernists too). A superb line of John Crowe Ransom's, "A cry of Absence, Absence, in the heart" is as good a suggestion as any for one of the sonnet's fundamental emotions.

For my taste (but I am no legislator) the good sonnet implies a high coefficient of feeling; personal outrage of some sort. It was the witty Arthur Guiterman, I think, who once said that all time-honored sonnets were divided into *As One Who* sonnets and *Whenas I* sonnets. The

ANNA BUYS A LUCKY PIG
By Balfour Ker: Karl Freund Gallery.

poet might as well be frank: it is usually his only reward for his pain: so I prefer the second lot—

Personally, I conspue
Sonnets beginning *As One Who.*
Why shouldn't we identify
Our infuriated cry?
I'll begin it, *Whenas I.* . . . .

What makes sonnets so exciting is that very often they were written for only one reader (whether self or another) and this is the highest selfish luxury that art can reach. The curse of the professional writer is his scramble to print. He writes for a deadline; and a deadline is where something perishes.

Yes, by long bent of inheritance the sonnet is highly personal. More than that, it rarely "forgets the he and she" (Dr. Donne). It is as though the two members into which it naturally dissects, the 8 and the 6, the bolt and the nut, were biologically apt. It is epicene, hermaphrodite, ambi-something-or-other. Cenobite or celibate sonnets (I was about to say) are somehow less memorable: then I think of some of the finest of Milton, Wordsworth, yes, and Keats; where even the Muse herself seems to hold her breath outside the door, not to intrude upon pure and unspoiled masculinity. Perhaps we had better leave it at this: that the sonnet's friends

"are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

Given your mood, then, the next thing that happens is very likely some remembered incident, trifling or absurd to alien observation, which for you typifies that mood. And, in the incessant dialogue with self which fills every solitude, you find yourself stating that episode, in a comment simple and banal as a child's. Possibly (I don't know why) it first comes into your mouth as a 7 or 8 syllable trochaic, but seems too light. An added word, a shift of accent, and you have a 10-syllable iambic that somehow pleases. You say it over with that infinite seduction of deep melody and pause that one's own voice (quite inside the skull) can privately attain. This is the self-salesmanship stage: foreboding but delicious.

Ensues the anxious period of gestation: whose endurance depends upon how much else there is to be done. Somewhere (in William James I dare say) I once read a phrase about "the mysterious frontier where velleity becomes will." That is where your phantom sonnet now pitches its pup-tent. In my own case, for reasons categorical, an impending sonnet (or anything else) is most likely to precipitate on a Thursday. But during the preceding week it is the only actual occupant of the mind. Everything else is pretence: either a masked groping toward the mood you wish to isolate, or an equally make-believe evasion, to delay the struggle. While you are eating lunch, watching the County Down Association march in a windy St. Patrick's Parade, chopping wood for the fire or whistling the dog in at night, you know you are really (in dumb idiot anticipation) considering the run and scope of the lines. You're only allowed 14, and in these 14 you must give the illusory impression that they include everything you've ever thought, or conceivably thinkable, on that theme. By this time (including one or more vaults from bed about 4 a. m. to jot a sudden notion) you've accumulated a page of trial starts. But the original 10 syllables survive: they are the grain of sand in the bivalve,

(*Continued on page* 14)

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"*Angels in Undress* is something special, with a flavor all its own."— *The New Yorker*

Unbelievable — N. Y. Herald Tribune

...the strangest book of the century — Saturday Review

Too good to be true — New York Times

★

"So unbelievable is Mark Benney's autobiography, 'Angels in Undress', that one must turn and return continually to the publisher's assurance that it is not a literary hoax . . . Out of rancid soil blooms a volume steeped in the vice of 'Limehouse Nights' and written in the language of a Virginia Woolf or a Sitwell

This book whose shocking integrity of facts and philosophies, whose beauty of language and masterly characterization are confounding, presents an individual with deep-channelled complexities."

—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

★★

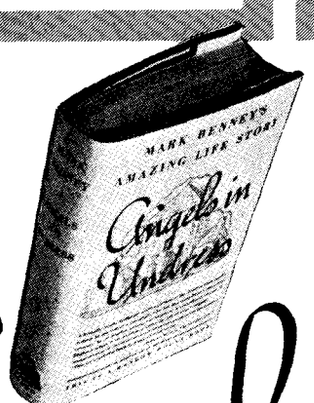
"It is very strange, almost the strangest book of the century . . . His descriptions of crime, prison, and the contemporary London underworld cannot be summarized. They are more than just brilliant, though they are that too. They create a world as dubious and vital and unused to remorse or reason as the world of the Elizabethan coney-catcher or of Moll Flanders . . . In the end, of course, you find yourself offering Mark Benney all the laurels with which the English critics were so generous."

—*Saturday Review*

★★★

"Mark Benney won't need to commit burglaries so long as he can write books as good as 'Angels in Undress' . . . As a purely imaginative work 'Angels in Undress' is remarkable; as a story it is still more so . . . It reads like the work of a major novelist . . . Are we then in the presence of a near-genius? . . . The question of authenticity arises because 'Angels in Undress' seems too good to be true . . . For the time being we can be sure of one thing only — that 'Angels in Undress' belongs in the first rank of modern picaresque literature."

—*New York Times*

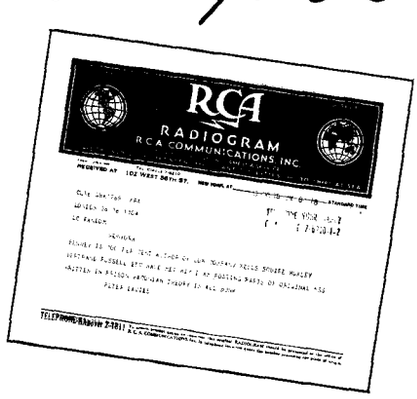


But they're wrong!

Mark Benney's

Angels in Undress

is not only one of the most remarkable pictures of underworld life ever written but it came directly from the hand of the man who *lived it!* Peter Davies, London publisher (see radiogram at right) cables: "BENNEY IS 100 PER CENT AUTHOR OF LOW COMPANY* WELLS SQUIRE HUXLEY BERTRAND RUSSELL ETC HAVE MET HIM I AM POSTING PARTS OF ORIGINAL MSS WRITTEN IN PRISON BACONIAN THEORY IS ALL BUNK."



*Angels in Undress was published in England under the title, *Low Company*.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE $2.50. RANDOM HOUSE, N.Y.

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The Bowling Green

(*Continued from page* 12)

though just where they'll stand in the whole you don't know; and few readers would ever guess which they are.

Incidentally (I don't know why I should be so candid) if the actual writing of the thing is interrupted by a meal it will slow you up terribly. Better not eat, and certainly don't drink. That's another reason why Thursday is the ideal day for verse: the maid goes out, and you don't need to eat if you don't want to.

Now, never mind how, you find yourself at table with a yellow pad and a gloriously sharpened pencil. Quatrains are bubbling out: the most extraordinary apropos rhymes suddenly suggest themselves: shall we adhere to strict *abba abba*, etc., or may we not be as lax as Shakespeare? This requires some careful study, during which you find yourself drawing symbolic pictures on the margin that prove you a better draughtsman than you ever dreamed. (These you afterward destroy.)

Rhymes are coming so tempting you've got a couple of pages covered with sharpshot patterns. You are too happy to sit still, you stand over the table leaning on elbows. But you feel, to your horror, the damn thing getting away from you. By tying it down to the Petrarchan scheme you are insensibly perverting the inward mood—which must be, in this case, one of grace and lightness. So you vote for three quatrains and a couplet and start again. A wise thing was once written, in a sonnet whose author never acknowledged it—

> The sonnet by its artful dignity
> Lifts one to moods too grave to be quite true—

and this is real danger. The sonnet death-rate from high blood-pressure and inflation is very severe. Fortunately poets are careful to destroy the work-sheets of manuscript. The hideous experiments, the shameless fumbles, are mercifully unguessed. For instance, you wouldn't suspect that just now he had discovered that by switching the first and second quatrain he got a much bolder beginning, and his germ-line (which must set the mood of the whole) gets moved well down to the middle, where it can radiate both ways.

About dusk our hero (if that's what you call him, I begin to feel strangely detached) goes out for some fresh air, and finds himself hungry. He raids the icebox, copies the thing clean, destroys all extraneous evidence, and feels depressed. Tomorrow he'll read it again, and see if anything's left of what he hoped.

I guess I've said enough. I'd be sorry if you got disgusted and quit reading sonnets. Great or small, they came to birth much like that. What marvellous cinders got thrown out in the wastebasket, what blackness with a glittering rind!

I can hardly wait till next Thursday. . . .

How to Run a Little Magazine

(*Continued from page* 4)

little magazines should revel in polemics. Writers with "names" will contribute, without payment, to little magazines if controversy is sharp enough and interesting enough to draw them in or if the little magazine, having acquired a prestige of its own, will print the work of the "names" which is too unconventional for the big periodicals.

The Crucial Problem Always Neglected

A little magazine is generally overstaffed on the editorial side and understaffed in the business department. If possible, find conscientious part-time volunteers who will look after the billing, the bookkeeping, the promotion of the magazine. The haphazard and thoughtless way in which the business affairs of a little review are conducted is a great mistake, lessening the circulation and shortening the life of the review.

The first duty of the business manager, who will probably be the editor, is to keep costs down. Do not rent an office unless absolutely necessary. For thirteen years the *Modern Monthly (né Modern Quarterly)* has been run from the editor's apartment. *New Democracy* moved, after two years in an office, to its editor's apartment which proved a perfectly feasible arrangement as well as a rent-saver.

It is possible to secure some, but not much, paid advertising. Arrange for as much exchange advertising as you can with magazines in your class.

If your circulation is tiny, like *Gyroscope's* 180 subscribers, it will be no great chore to do the mailing yourself. But if you have five hundred and upwards subscribers, and bundles besides for news-stands, the wrapping and posting will be a chore you had better pass along to a mailing house whose charges are moderate.

The toughest problems are distribution and promotion. It is impracticable to use the large distributing organizations. In a metropolis like New York you can secure a small independent distributor—a chap with a car and a list of news-stands—but this will likewise prove too expensive and wasteful. The independent distributor will demand a guarantee of twenty dollars for the job, and it is a

(*Continued on page* 16)

Just published

SMIRE

by

Branch Cabell

The author of *Jurgen* and *The Cream of the Jest* has written a unique book of extraordinary beauty. It is a kind of autobiography — a pilgrimage through life, seen through a glass, darkly — a book as full of allusion and curious loveliness as *Jurgen* itself. $2.50

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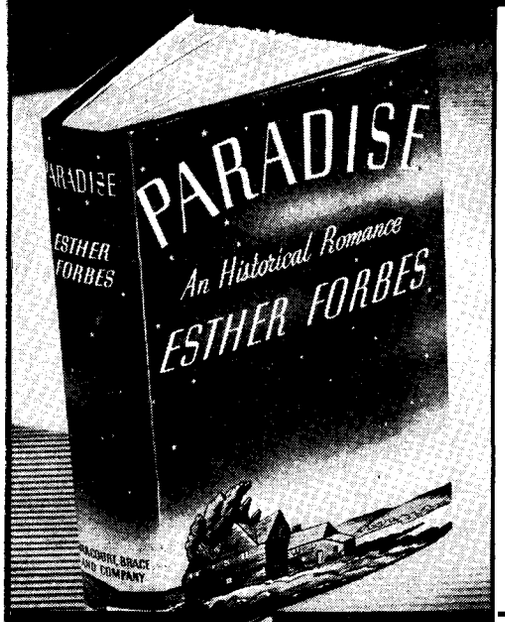

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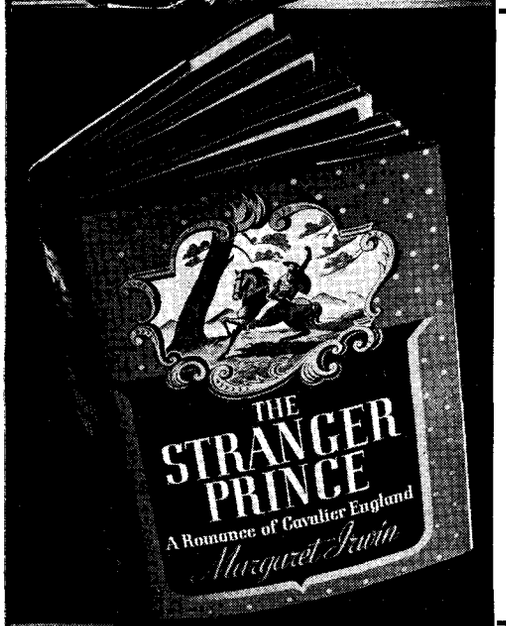

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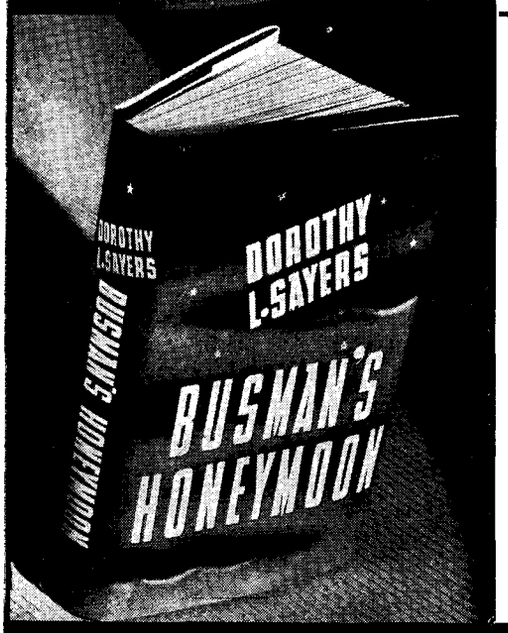
—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, SATURDAY REVIEW

THE STRANGER PRINCE

by Margaret Irwin

A story of the turbulent period of England's Civil Wars, in which the central figure is Rupert of the Rhine, tall Cavalier nephew of Charles I and his ablest fighter. "Because she has felt deeply about these men and their political and emotional conflicts, the book is passionate and real, moving and vivid. The book is substantially true to history and miraculously thrilling to read."
—IRIS BARRY, N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE. $2.50



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How to Run a Little Magazine

(*Continued from page 14*)

certainty your news-stand sales will fail considerably to meet the guarantee. In the end, you will just drop your magazine in a few shops where it seems to sell, and let matters drift. This is very unsatisfactory, because you realize that your coverage of book stores patronized by people likely to be interested in advance-guard magazines is very imperfect. There are probably forty such book shops in our country, whereas you know perhaps only a dozen.

Promotion—by which is meant display placards and advertising, circularizing, the distribution of specimen copies to rented lists, renewal campaigns, and the like—is another insoluble problem. A highly instructive article for all little magazine promoters appeared in the *New Masses* for January 1, 1935; in this article, *A Year of the Weekly New Masses*, the true statement is made that "one of the indispensable items in the budget of a magazine, as important as the printer's bill—more important for the magazine's growth—is the appropriation for promotion work." But what if there exists no appropriation for promotion and the printer is clamoring for payment on the preceding issue(s)?

The little political review can hope to find a way out, but it's a slim hope unless your brand of radicalism has been popularized for several generations. The little communist review—for example, early *New Theatre* and early *New Masses*—has a real chance of building up distribution, because its zealot readers will act as volunteer distributors, and it has a chance to raise funds for promotion from its readers. The astonishing story of how publishers and readers collaborated to lift the *New Masses* from a net circulation of 6,000 at the beginning of 1934 to a net circulation of 25,000 twelve months later is a thriller to anyone conversant with the magazine game.

A Sample Budget

Operating Expenses for 12 Issues	
Printing	$1,260
Mailing service and postage	264
Overheads (stationery, letter postage, telephone, copyright, etc.)	300
Wages	None
Contributors	None
Promotion	None
	$1,824

Operating Income for 12 Issues	
Circulation:—	
Subscriptions	$1,000
News-stand sales	204
Advertising	40
	$1,244
Operating deficit for 12 issues	580

The costs are based on a print order of 1,500 copies of a 16 page and covers magazine. The circulation income is figured on 400 subscribers at $2.50 each and on average news-stand sales of 100 copies per issue at 17 cents a copy to the retailer. To meet the operating deficit either an angel must be found, or a group of friends or readers who will pledge small sums per issue; or the editor must dig into his own bank account. Expedients that sometimes work and sometimes grievously fail to make up the deficit are the raffle, the benefit cocktail party, and the public dinner.

The Little Rift in the Lute

In the nature of things, tendentious editors are pronounced individualists, uncompromising extremists. They draw around them contributors and supporters who are likely to match them in individualism and literary vanity. Quarrels will rock the frail craft of the magazine and many, many times will overturn it. The wise editor foresees this danger and musters up what diplomacy he can. Not for him however is the advice of Dale Carnegie and other experts on "human relations" in selling merchandise; he cannot avoid argument, he cannot obey the injunction to be "hearty in his approbation and lavish in his praise." He must professionally be critical. He is a man owing allegiance to standards, truth, a difficult aim. He must be brazenly incorruptible. He must dare to stand alone on what he takes to be the side of truth.

In so far as the editor is a man of courage, powerful convictions, outspokenness, he will provoke dissent within his ranks. In the end a civil war breaks out in the teapot, which is shattered by the small

Appalling in its Implications!

WHY WAS LINCOLN MURDERED?

By Otto Eisenschiml

WHY did General Grant, headlined by the press as the guest of honor of the occasion, break his engagement to appear at Ford's Theatre with the President of the United States on the evening of April 14, 1865?

WHY was Lincoln's request for special protection at the theatre denied?

WHY was the President's bodyguard, guilty of the grossest negligence, never punished?

WHY, following the assassination, was the murderer not named in official dispatches until it was too late to catch the morning papers?

WHY did all commercial telegraph lines out of Washington go out of order right after Lincoln was shot?

WHY was Booth not brought back alive? Who was responsible for hampering his pursuit?

THE EVIDENCE here marshaled before the reader, much of it new, some forgotten, some concealed, some ignored, demands the rewriting, not only of the history of Lincoln's death but also that of the whole Civil War period. *With 8 illustrations and 16 pages of photostats of exhibits.* $3.50

LITTLE, BROWN & CO. PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

1837 1937

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tumult. Another little magazine has blown up. But who would have it otherwise, the virtue gone from the thing and youthful intransigeance replaced by suppleness in the arts of compromise?

In the end the Philistines always take away your tools, and you adjust yourself to getting along without a magazine. The suspending of publication may even be a great personal relief to you.

It is natural that the editor-proprietor should ask himself, was the adventure worth while? I don't suppose any little magazine editor ever has answered this question in an unmixed way. He remembers the hardships of the pioneer, the personal unpopularity acquired, the humiliating experiences with creditors. He has lived on hope deferred, the hope of spontaneous public interest to boost the circulation, the hope of a subsidy to provide him the proper tools—and the heart groweth sick of such a task.

For recompense there is the knowledge later that a new good writer—a Hemingway, a T. S. Eliot, an Erskine Caldwell—has been given a start and a first hearing, that one's magazine has become a part of the literary history of the period, be it only in a footnote, and that through its existence new ideas have begun to root themselves in the environment. But that is in the future.

Life with Grandma

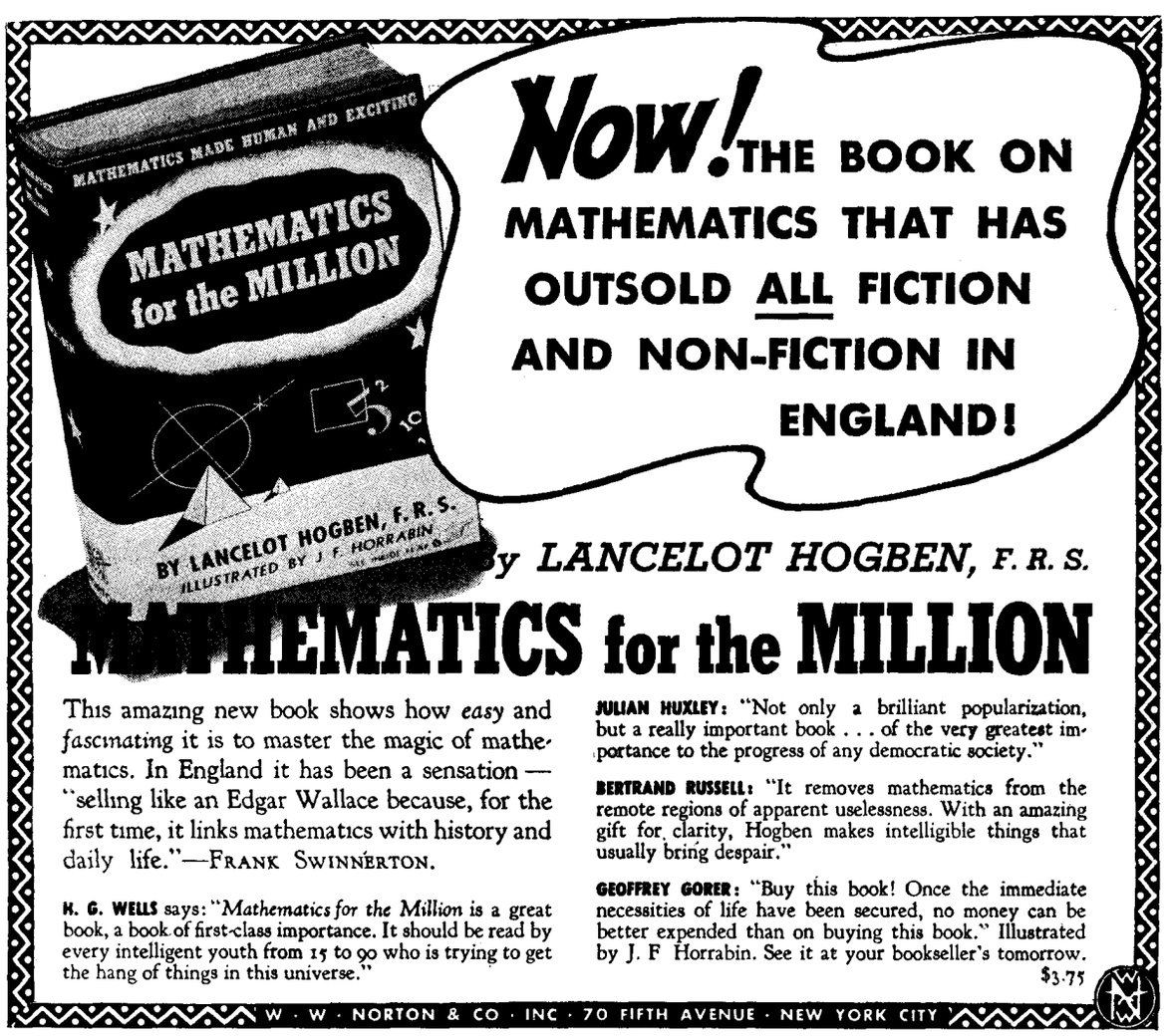
SUNS GO DOWN. By Flannery Lewis. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by JAMES D. HART

VIRGINIA CITY, situated on the arid side of a sun-baked Nevada mountain, is a fabulous place which was once the second largest city west of Chicago, producing $40,000,000 from its mines in a year; only to become a squalid, deserted mining town a few years later. This melodramatic series of events has naturally attracted many writers who have sometimes been led to take the town at its own evaluation and create Homeric figures of its miners and an epic of its brief, turbulent history. Mr. Flannery Lewis's portrait of his grandmother is a tart corrective, for, through the eyes of "the first decent white woman in the Comstock District," one views the pioneers with tolerant scorn as sorry barbarians who concealed "the hole in their philosophy" by a good deal of frontier bravado.

Grandmother came from the stability of a small New England town and her firm mind could not be fooled by the grandiose show of Virginia City. She knew what was right and proper, whether it pertained to the education of a grandson or the life of a town, and with a penetrating wit she casually disposed of all that which did not accord with her standards. During her seventy-five years in Virginia City Grandmother has unquestioningly considered her beliefs the right ones, and although she upholds independence of thought, those people who differ with her are open to suspicion as either fools or Republicans. Grandmother always needed some dominant way of life which her conscientious mind could dispose of, and, when the vigorous days of Virginia City gave way to the decadence of a tourist's curiosity, she turned her attention to the foibles of modern civilization. Grandmother refuses to be introduced to motion pictures, or to modern bathrooms, which have overstepped their bounds. As for the automobile, when the first one she encountered was finally left to rust behind the barn Grandmother regarded its decay as a personal and rather flattering triumph.

Mr. Lewis's affectionately humorous treatment of his grandmother's dogmatic skepticism produces a character who is not created, but gently revealed in a way which, although it is not so sparkling, reminds one strongly of Clarence Day's books on his family life.



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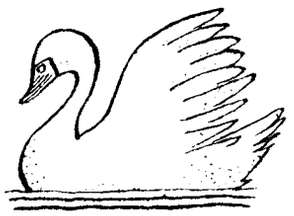
The Swan of Lichfield



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The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IN a recent advertisement by the publishers of the latest book of poems of *Robert P. Tristram Coffin* the title of the collection was given as "Salt Water Warm." It is actually "Saltwater Farm" (Macmillan), but that publishing slip suggests a certain lack in the volume. I mean this sincerely and not in an endeavor to be "smart." This is a pleasant book, concerned with matters that Mr. Coffin knows thoroughly. What one misses in it is any particular sting or challenge. The author might easily retort that his object has been merely to write about the homely things he knows: "The Fog," haytime, "A Mess of Clams," "A Maine Woodpile," the grinding of a scythe, "Wild Raspberrying," "Cider Pressing," and so on. But the author has, already, both in verse and prose, written of kindred matters in much the same fashion. He endows them with indubitable charm. Many readers will like this book, particularly New Englanders. And they will be right in liking good workmanlike description of a territory thoroughly known, of a manner of living sincerely loved. Merely, it seems to me that we now have a right to expect of a Pulitzer Prize winner something more than this. I recognize the merits of intention and execution. Mr. Coffin, even here, possesses more than facility, though he has a tendency to see how many crops the same patch of land will bear. I suppose what I am really asking him to do is to try "pastures new." The old home pasture has by this time been thoroughly tilled by him. This is his seventh book. He has displayed versatility in his work. He has his own original touch. For instance, he does belated justice to the real beauty of "The Skunk" in this volume. He knows the "gnome-like faces" of sheep, the amazement of young calves suddenly met on the road, the "muffled tonkling" of a bronze cowbell in fog, the aloneness of man in the midst of that visitation, what delightful experiences a boy has in the surroundings the author best describes. The pictures he gives us are true in color and line. But he has in the past given evidence that he could also present to us more widely significant things. I should call this an "interim" book of nice but not extraordinary verse.

May Sarton is a new poet, the daughter of the Professor of the History of Science at Harvard. She has been associated with Eva Le Gallienne in the theatre. Her "Encounter in April" (Houghton Mifflin: $2.50) is worth reading. The initial poem, "First Snow," is warrant for that. It has an aristocratic grace. And the first sonnet in the title poem—though not quite successful—assures us again of this quality. There are twenty sonnets in this book, and they have their particular dignity and spiritedness. Yet how many, many sonnets slip from the mind for the few that persist! There are landscapes and portraits too, in the lyrical work, and graceful brevities. Yet my own choice is the quite remarkable long poem in free verse, "She Shall Be Called Woman." Here the author shows distinctly original power. I should not go so far as to say that this poem, either, completely succeeds in the emotional portrayal it attempts.

She was aware
down to extremity
of how herself was charged,
fibre electric,
a hand under her breast
could hear the dynamo.
A hand upon her wrist
could feel the pulse beat,
imminent.
She felt the atoms stir,
the myriad expand
and stir.

It is grievous, I know, to wrench a passage from its context, but the above may give some indication of the force of this poem. Miss Sarton will, I think, free herself of her influences, uncertainties, and a new form of cliché adopted by the modern, and will continue to write valiantly and well.

Among the younger men John Holmes seems to me to stand in respect to the better men poets rather in the same position that Miss Sarton occupies in regard to the established women. "Address to the Living" (Holt) has attractive things in it. Even as Mr. Coffin is a great contributor to magazines, so is young Mr. Holmes. The latter has turned thirty and graduated from Tufts College in 1929 where he now teaches. He is also poetry critic for the *Boston Evening Transcript*. To read such a poem as "Old Men and Young Men" is to realize that here is one of the few younger poets with a sense of humor.

Old men resent solicitude and hearses.
All they abstained from doing they regret.
Old men betrayed into the hands of nurses
Despise the scientific care they get,
And vow disgracefully, with terrible curses,
That they'll outlive the meddling woman yet.

Then there's the satiric "Mornings at Eleven," on a poet reading to a women's club. But this lighter vein is the least part of the young poet. What he has is awareness and love of living; what he has not, as yet, is truly masterful phrase.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 156)

JOHN STEINBECK—"OF MICE AND MEN"

Slim was a jerkline skinner, the prince of the ranch, capable of driving ten, sixteen, even twenty mules with a single line to the leaders. . . . His hands, large and lean, were as delicate in their action as those of a temple dancer.

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The New Books

Biography

LIVING AGAIN. By Felix Riesenberg. Doubleday, Doran. 1937. $3.

Most novelists write more books than they have lived; Felix Riesenberg has lived many more books than he has written. There are dangers on both sides of that semicolon. The men who write the best books, by and large, are those who put to superb uses materials which in ordinary hands would be uninteresting. The author whose experience has been rich tends to ignore the workaday tricks of scrivening. If he has a great deal to say, he thinks such tricks unnecessary—and he is wrong.

Captain Riesenberg has lived an epical, symbolic life—a life the more admirable because he has been doing an efficient job of work throughout. He has spent no time "on the beach," or in trumped-up adventures. In his single person he has blended the philosophical attitudes of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. He began as a bartender, has been a seaman in both sail and steam, an inventor, engineer, explorer, aëronaut, editor, quasi-financier, educator, author. He is a sort of modern Faustus, who has taken the trouble to look over the wares of Mephistopheles before bargaining; a Faustus who, having stopped short of the ultimate bargain, retains both his soul and his discontent.

"Living Again" might, in consequence, have been an epical autobiography. It is a sketch for one, and a sympathetic reader who knows its settings and years ought to find it fascinating almost throughout. The sixty pages telling of Wellman's attempt to fly to the pole could hardly have been bettered. But too much of the rest is composed of tantalizing flashes. When Captain Riesenberg is running free, his prose is admirable. When he casts about, he writes badly. He dislikes Irish pennants aboardship, but he has left many participles dangling untidily in his story—two on the first page. Such minutiae are worth mentioning only because they indicate an insufficient respect for the medium of expression, which prevents a book full of splendid material from being a splendid book.

Such an author obviously has more adventures ahead. A. L——g.

Fiction

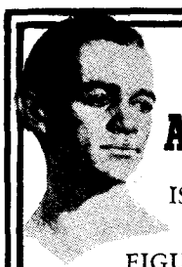
TIME AT HER HEELS. By Dorothy Aldis. Houghton Mifflin. 1937. $2.

It is normal, between the ages of three and thirteen, to have measles, one broken bone, and a love affair. And it is normal for most American women between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five to find that the glamorous adventure of wifehood and motherhood appears to have turned into a marathon with the clock's hands, the clock always managing to beat the exhausted female. Most of those agreeable young women you see poking lettuces at the A and P at nine in the morning, and waiting in the Ford, Dodge, or Plymouth for the five fifteen to disgorge assorted husbands in the evening have a good deal on their hands and a pretty full day behind them.

In "Time at Her Heels" Dorothy Aldis rushes through a day with Mary Strong, from the moment she wakes up on her sleeping porch until the time she rises from her dinner table at night. The book is crammed with the minutiæ of living which only women know about and which nobody but women would think of reading about. Its artistry lies in the fact that the laundress's operation, the aunt's new dress, the paint scaling off the beds, the Christmas play at school, the impassioned love-making of a personable young surgeon who is unquestionably more attractive than Mary's husband, and the introduction of a flea-ridden stray dog into the household are all of exactly the same significance. That is something that women know about, too. There descends from time to time upon the mentality even of the most sensitive and imaginative a sort of tired twilight in which all emotional cats are grey.

In "Time at Her Heels," however, the fog is lit by a glow of humor and competence which is, if anything, a little too cozy. Though why the American Suburban Housewife shouldn't come in for a little glorification now and again we don't know. The children in the book are real, and appealing. The writing is deft and agreeable. And there are enough

(*Continued on next page*)



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Robert Frost

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NEXT WEEK
THE SPRING ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBER

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE sun's over the foreyard of the year, the meadows shout golden shouts (as they did to George Meredith), and there'll *never* be space enough for Old Q. to transmogrify (as he lusteth) memory into leaden type. ☞Impressions of Chicago, for instance, in the last days of winter: the cold freshwater wind, snowflakes stippling the dark air of the Loop, Ben Abramson of Argus Bookshop holding the season at bay with one of his huge woolly peasantry mufflers, a true Old Orkney Relic. ☞Abramson's sidekick Mr. Bill Henneman has taken up pipesmoking as hobby and is still in the first flush of rubber-lined pouches and prescriptions for bowl-polish. ☞In Chicago in 6 days Old Q. observed a taxi-strike, a blizzard, and an earthquake, but just missed the hold-up in the Men's Grill of Carson Pirie's, where the famous round Book Table meets for tiffin. Mr. MacCorquodale of McClurg was forced into an elevator at the point of a gun. The bandit got away with $400; but, needless to say, not from the bookmen. ☞Ralph Henry was so brown and hale from his recent holiday at Hot Springs that he did not actually turn pale as did the other horrified librovores. ☞The sale of second-hands at Marshall Field's was creating great furore: dealers from New York, from whom the books had been bought in the first place, went all the way out there to buy some of them back. ☞Old Loopy's shrewdest collectors were seen snapping up bargains, and Marcella Hahner and her staff were in high spirits.

☞The most precious quality (perhaps also the most rare) among critics of the fine arts is a sense of comedy; which is, as some beetlebrow has remarked, the whetstone of discrimination. ☞Mr. Karl Freund, both dealer and devotee, was laid up with a painfully fractured arm and shoulder, result of a taxi smash. ☞To cheer himself, and give reins to his own secret humors, he planned (from his sickbed) the recent delightful exhibition at his gallery (50 E. 57) called *The Lucky Pig in Art*—which showed that much misprised animal in all forms of representation: tiny charms in ivory, ancient Egyptian potteries, illuminated MSS, crystal pig-bottles, pig weather-vanes, down to the portrait *Anna Buys a Lucky Pig* (by the brilliant young painter Balfour Ker) which was acclaimed the premier trove of the show. ☞This latter so delighted us we persuaded our colleague the Bowling Green to reproduce it in this issue; quidnuncs of the book world will recognize the likeness of young Anna Cella, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chris Cella of our own 45th Street, whose informal hostelry has long been a port of call among the comfortably disposed.

"The Governor"

☞One of the best-loved veterans of our Trade was dear old Ned Stuart, who died March 21; the only bookseller who had been not only Mayor of a great city but Governor of a great State. No merely brief note can do justice to the remarkable career of Edwin S. Stuart, late head of Leary, Stuart and Co.,—better known as "Leary's" (Philadelphia), America's most famous second-hand bookstore. Ned Stuart began at Leary's in 1866, as a boy of 13. He lived to be Mayor of Philadelphia (1891-95) and Governor of Pennsylvania (1907-11) but he was always bibliophile at heart, a man as vast and handsome in heart as in stature. A glorious fellow, and the memory of his many kindnesses warms us still.

☞At a meeting of 75 publishers in New York March 18, a committee was appointed to consider a form of fair trade agreement under the Feld-Crawford Law. The committee is headed by Donald Brace; the other members are Stanley Rinehart, President of the NABP, Cass Canfield, Howard Lewis, W. W. Norton, and Richard L. Simon.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Mary Strongs in the world to insure Miss Aldis a great many appreciative readers, who will be cheered and amused to find that some one, in a confusing world of children, "generals," and recalcitrant plumbers, thinks they are great people.

F. W.

TRINITY TOWN. By Norman Collins. Harper. 1937. $2.50.

This is Mr. Collins's third novel. He has been a literary editor, a writer of articles and short stories, formerly with the Oxford University Press and now associated with Victor Gollancz in London. He can create convincing local characters. In spite of a comparison that has been made, he is no W. W. Jacobs; but the ne'er-do-well Captain Emms of this book is a diverting example of the scapegrace husband and father. He returns from his desertion of his wife, in favor of the charms of a remote Lily Morris, at the psychological moment when a jam factory is about to be established in the home of his married life. Captain Emms organizes a group to wring higher prices out of the speculator who is interested in the factory, and his wife in turn opposes him. The book starts rather slowly but the story develops a number of humorous complications. This is light reading that exposes the errancy of human nature in an entertaining fashion.

W. R. B.

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Books in the Future

THE immense complexity of modern building, whether it be houses or books, is seldom apparent to the observer, and even less seldom does it trouble him! If the bathroom apparatus *works* that is all he asks: the serious problems raised by modern plumbing he does not worry over. So with books—if the reader can get one at the lending library, or, more rarely, purchase one from the bookstore, he thinks nothing more about it. Meanwhile the complicated machinery of production and distribution becomes more and more refined and sophisticated, and more and more interdependent. With the intricate problems of distribution I am not concerned: but with those of production I have something to say. For it seems to be a fact that with all this vast mechanism of production, the printer who prints books is struggling with an antique and clumsy device—that of lead type. There are probably no authors who are as fortunate as the country editor who can sit at his linotype keyboard and tap off his ideas into actual printing type. The progression from typewritten copy to keyboarded matter to proofs (two or three series of them) to electrotype foundry to printing press is faster, but no different in kind from the books of the first printers. The successive "Fifty Books" shows display more variety, perhaps, but no change in method. Type design became static generations ago—in the nature of things we can have only rehashes, refinements perhaps, a bewildering eclecticism, in type forms.

Machinery goes round faster, does more superficially finished and exact work, turns out books in increasing quantity. The price of books is kept by desperate devices, somewhere near what readers will pay for them, cheaper paper, more flimsy binding, less efficient proof-reading; yet the buyer asks for lower prices. Technological "progress" adds to the expense by inventing new machines and then forcing them by high-pressure sales methods on the makers of books, quite regardless of the public welfare.

Such a state of affairs—the demand for rapid production, for innumerable new and reprinted volumes, for cheaper prices—is curious, because of the antique tools with which all these demands have to be met. Is there not a quicker, simpler, cheaper way to produce books? The question was asked in the fifteenth century, and answered by the invention of printing; asked and answered again when the cylinder press, the Fourdrinier paper machine, the linotype, came into existence. What is the answer to the question now? That there are several probable answers will be considered in a future article, dealing with the typewriter, offset printing, and with the photographed book.

Catalogues and Announcements

An elaborate first prospectus has been issued by the *Heritage Club*, which offers Heritage Press books on a monthly subscription basis to its members.

I should have noted before this several prospectuses from the *Peter Pauper Press*, whose books at very modest prices are among the best "buys" in the market.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
ILL MET BY MOONLIGHT *Leslie Ford* (Farrar and Rinehart: $2.)	Ostensible carbon-monoxide poisoning of too-gay young wife turns out murder, so Col. Primrose and Sgt. Buck get busy.	Attractive Chesapeake Bay summer-colony backgrounds, sprightly dialogue, tangled plot, and humorous but effective sleuthing.	Top Drawer
DEATH ON A DUDE RANCH *Francis Bonnamy* (Crime Club: $2.)	Decimation of guests and owners of Bar K M finally stopped by stern measures of criminologist Peter Shane.	Lot of ill-tempered people, one peculiarly horrible murder device, much rough stuff, and some slick deducting.	Grisly
THE CASE IS CLOSED *Patricia Wentworth* (Lippincott: $2.)	Girl who refused to believe her chum's convicted husband was killer goes through hell and high water to save him.	Here's a lot of precious villainy, some pleasing sentiment, sundry stretchings of the probabilities, and a hair-raising finish.	Capital
DEATH STOPS THE REHEARSAL *Richard W. Baker* (Scribners: $2.)	Amateur theatrical performance rudely ended by murder of actor and situation taken in hand by self-appointed sleuth.	Novel method of killing, background of stage machinery, unconvincing detection, and incredibly supine police.	Mild

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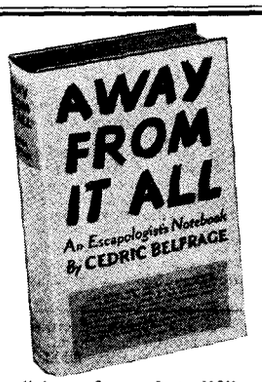

"Away from what all?"

CEDRIC BELFRAGE, British journalist and galloper-around-the-world, was trained from the cradle up to be an escapologist. He defines an escapologist as a person who "looks the facts of life in the back of the neck or by sheer force of the imagination conjures them out of existence or runs away from them."

BELFRAGE tried to run away from the facts by taking a whirlwind trip around the world. But he didn't succeed. The more he tried to escape them, the more he was foiled by his own sharp eyes and restless intelligence.

The result is *Away From It All, An Escapologist's Notebook*, a compound of personal adventure, contemporary history, travel diary and just living (price $3.00).

Soon after the start of his trip, BELFRAGE found himself asking "away from what all?" It didn't take long to find out that escapologists bump right into the things they are trying to flee. For instance:

In Tangiers—"You could tell Tangiers from Hollywood, because if there were cameras turning, the small parts would be played better."

In Singapore—"I attended my first Rotarian lunch and heard my first man condemned to be hanged. Travel is broadening as all that."

The route of this astonishing, witty, wry book continues: Java, Bali, the east coast of Australia, Fiji, Tahiti. Every stage of the journey is illuminated by CEDRIC BELFRAGE'S dry humor.

And for good measure there is a simply magnificent section, which could make a complete short book in itself, a sometimes hilarious, always rich account of a 1700 mile trip through the South Pacific, the roughest stretch of water in the world, in a 40-foot boat—about which NEGLEY FARSON says:

"I think this is one of the most gorgeous sea-escapades ever written. If you can read it and not shriek with delight, your soul is dead."

Here, in short, is our world as it really is, not as travel agencies and movies portray it.

—ESSANDESS

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

A PLACE TO WRITE a best-seller, relax or have fun. On a lake in the Maine woods, with every convenience. $400 from May-September. Box 881-B.

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GIRL, 20, college, wants any job, any pay, anywhere, any time. Box 887-B.

YOUNG WOMAN, Wellesley University of California, needs regular or assigned work as reader, editorial assistant or hack. Box 872-B.

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PERSONALS

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VASSAR WOMAN seeks opportunity assist in summer tea room. Experienced. Accomplished hostess. Box 873-B.

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WOMAN, finishing eighth year teaching French, has studied, traveled abroad, seeks new position. Box 876-B.

PERSONALS

PARTNER DESIRED for expedition. Also authoress; secretary; chef. West Indies, South Pacific. Minimum, one year. Profit, pleasure. BM/4RR, London, W. C. 1.

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GOLDEN JOURNEY to Samarkand—viz. I want to get to New York. Youth admitted, but also Good literary training and valuable bookselling experience. Could give full devotion to publishing office. Unusual references. Miranda.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 2300. An old time country inn. One hour from N. Y. Booklet R on request.

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YOUNG JEWISH WOMEN'S discussion group invite attendance of young men's group interested in Literature, Current Social and Economic problems. Communicate E. Schlein, 708—18th Avenue, Irvington, New Jersey.

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Double-Crostics: No. 157

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

		1-B		2-M	3-N	4-U		5-X	6-S	7-H		8-F	9-W		10-H	11-O	12-W
13-G	14-S		15-G	16-H		17-P	18-Q	19-X		20-B	21-E		22-W	23-P	24-Y	25-M	
26-N	27-D	28-C	29-I	30-P		31-U	32-G		33-S	34-O	35-C	36-T		37-A		38-V	39-J
40-A	41-I		42-C	43-D		44-W	45-O	46-J		47-F	48-H		49-G	50-T		51-F	52-H
53-T	54-Y		55-C		56-M	57-D	58-K	59-E		60-C	61-I		62-J	63-K	64-A	65-T	
66-M	67-F	68-G	69-R		70-E	71-M	72-R		73-L	74-U	75-X	76-S	77-N	78-F	79-M		80-G
	81-N	82-K	83-Y	84-Q		85-E	86-B	87-H		88-S	89-O	90-E	91-I		92-J	93-K	94-H
95-L	96-D		97-G	98-L		99-I	100-R		101-T	102-E		103-C	104-E		105-I	106-P	107-R
	108-B	109-F	110-I		111-P	112-W	113-V	114-K	115-O		116-K	117-O	118-L	119-F		120-H	121-X
	122-K	123-J	124-G	125-X	126-V		127-J	128-M		129-U	130-Q	131-N	132-X	133-T	134-Y		135-A
136-B	137-R		138-R	139-O	140-M	141-I		142-E	143-H	144-F		145-V	146-Q	147-G	148-D	149-K	
150-T	151-R		152-E	153-L	154-P		155-X	156-F	157-J	158-N	159-D	160-C	161-M	162-B		163-R	164-F
	165-J	166-B	167-P	168-N	169-D		170-F	171-S	172-T	173-P		174-G	175-V	176-C	177-K	178-H	

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 18 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Pueblo ceremonial structure.	64 37 40 135
B. Wife of Joseph.	1 162 166 136 20 108 86
C. To spruce or smarten up.	103 55 60 28 35 176 42 160
D. Sneaking; ashamed.	27 57 159 96 148 43 169
E. The endoderm.	59 21 85 104 70 90 142 102 152
F. Rough calculation (3 words).	119 67 144 78 8 164 47 109 156 51 170
G. Indifferent; unconcerned.	80 13 49 32 124 68 15 174 147 97
H. Cloudiness.	178 87 10 52 143 48 16 94 120 7
I. Growth from within (biol.).	110 29 99 61 105 41 141 91
J. Nation descended from the eldest son of Lot's eldest daughter (Bib.).	62 123 39 165 127 92 46 157
K. A very small fish delicacy (pl.).	63 114 122 93 116 58 177 82 149
L. Egyptian King defeated by Nebuchadnezzer (604 B.C.).	95 118 73 153 98
M. Process of building up.	66 25 2 128 56 140 79 71 161
N. A fiction.	81 158 77 131 3 168 26
O. To declaim or rail.	45 89 117 11 34 115 139
P. Beautiful valley in Switzerland.	106 173 30 23 111 167 17 154
Q. French composer (1823-1892).	130 146 84 18
R. Kind of violet.	137 151 72 107 163 100 138 69
S. Shallow lake-like pond.	33 6 14 88 171 76
T. Secret, private.	65 133 50 150 36 172 101 53
U. To melt.	31 74 129 4
V. Part of the leg.	126 38 113 175 145
W. To improve.	22 44 12 9 112
X. A means of water transportation.	125 132 5 155 121 75 19
Y. Character in Adam Bede.	24 83 134 54

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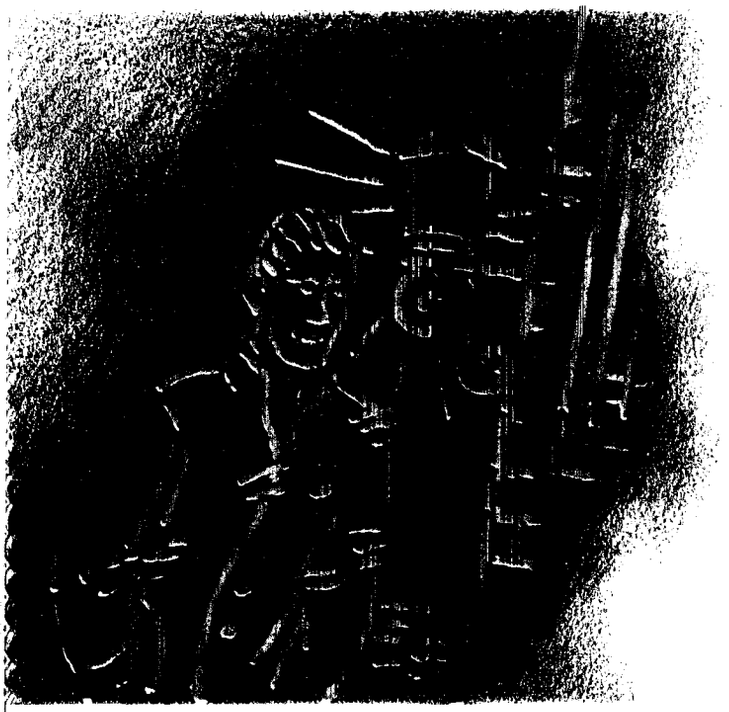

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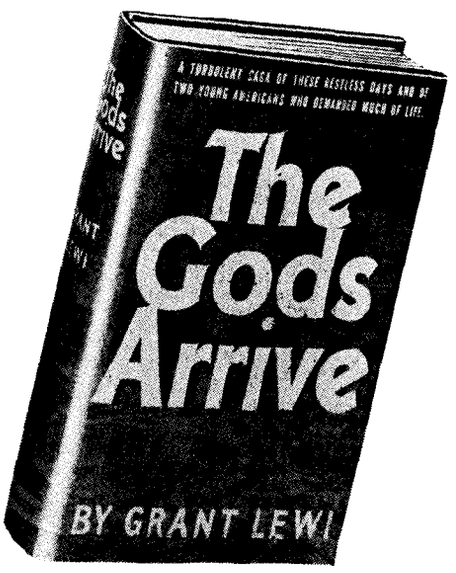
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